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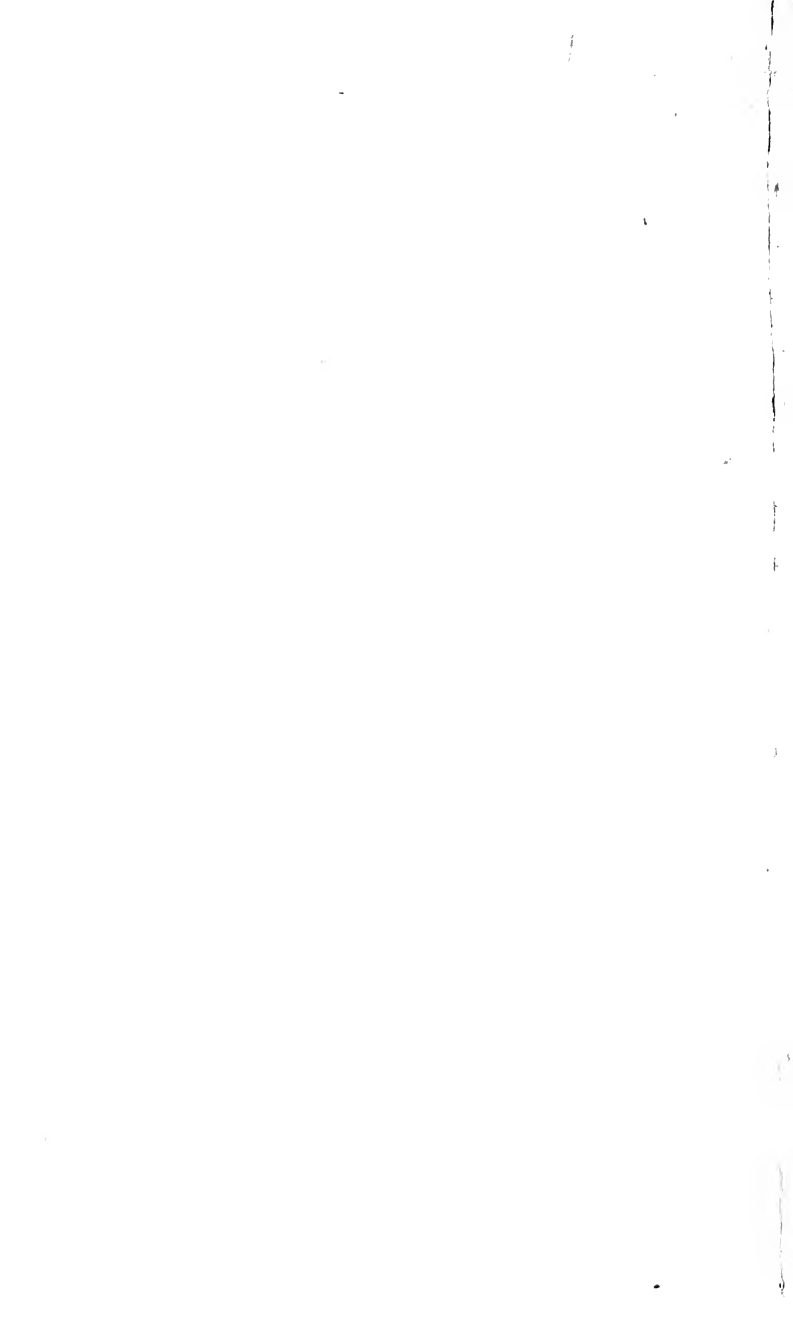


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MODERN SOCIETY

IN

ROME.



MODERN SOCIETY

IN

R O M E .

A

NOVEL.

BY

J. RICHARD BESTE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "THE WABASH".

—“It was a most disagreeable war: one was likely to be killed in it.”—PRIVATE CONVERSATION OF A ROMAN PRINCE.

“And I assure you that, like virgin honey
Tastes their first season—mostly if they have money.”
BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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COMING OUT:
OR
THE SIEGE OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

No rebel he who wars with tyranny!

Let triumph consecrate the dubious day
When first he rais'd his fluttering banner high,
'Mid beat of drum and trumpet's brazen bray:
Or victory fail him when he dream'd it nigh,

Disclaim'd by those who cheer'd him on his way,
And sunk his head beneath an adverse fate,—
Howe'er he end, the Muse esteems him great.

THE idea that a Roman Prince should have run away with an English heiress, a ward of the Court of Chancery, to be married to her at Gretna Green, appears so preposterous, that we deem it necessary to guard ourselves against the imputation which this portion of our narrative may draw down upon us. We would, therefore, assure the

reader that the incident is not imaginary, although it occurred some years ago: that the principal actors in the farce are still living: and that the whole manner of the courtship and its results, were detailed and explained to us by the sole contriver of the plot, whom we have introduced under the name of Mr. Ollier, a learned and most pious old man, whose remains it was our sad duty to follow to the grave not many months since: and not many hours after he had been entertaining himself and us with the recital of this romance of real life, which the sober reader rightly deems to be so improbable and Quixotic.

We have said that the light caleche travelled on its way, with the rapidity imparted by four horses and extra buona manos to the postillions. Mr. Ollier had insisted that Prince Augustiniani himself should proceed by sea and viâ Marseilles, that he might so make those who would pursue the fugitives, believe that the steamers had hurried them all far beyond their reach, and might save the character

of the young lady from imputations by which it might have suffered if they had all travelled together. Instead of landing at Genoa and cutting across into Switzerland to be there married, as Middleton Agelthorpe and Vernon believed they would, Augustiniani continued his sea voyage to Marseilles: for Ollier preferred that the marriage should take place in England or Scotland, and had appointed London as the rendezvous, where they were to meet the Prince, and where he would hand over the young lady to his care. Onwards he and his fair charge posted by the usual road, through Florence, Bologna, and the Duchies, towards Milan and the Simplon.

But it was not until they neared the latter towns that they heard how the King of Sardinia, stung by the machinations of the republicans against his royal authority, —by the reproaches of the liberal Italians, who charged him with taking care of himself and of his own kingdom, while the Austrian General, Haynau, was seizing

upon Ferrara, and while Venice, unassisted, was heroically maintaining a death struggle against the common enemy,—it was not until they neared the latter towns, that they learned how King Carlo Alberto had, on the 12th of March, put an end to the truce of Milan, and again proclaimed war against the Austrians. It was not until they neared Piacenza, that they learned how the armies on both sides of the frontier had been previously drawn together, and that almost instant battle was to be expected. Fortunately, their road led them through Lodi, away from the line of the Ticino river, and they did not fall in with Marshal Radetzsky's army, which was concentrated around Pavia. The travellers found Milan, as usual, severely garrisoned and thronged with Austrian troops: and hastened forwards along the post road to the Simplon, that they might place the Alps between them and the unhappy scene of war.

It was the afternoon of the 21st of March, and they had not left Milan above two

hours, when the carriage was suddenly surrounded by a body of Sardinian riflemen, that had crossed the bridge at Buffalora, and made an incursion into the Milanese territory. They were debouching from a road that led from Magenta and the bridge, and immediately ordering the postillions to pull up, began anxiously to question the travellers as to the position of the enemy. The Milanese drivers protested that they had not passed any body of troops; and Mr. Ollier declared that he had not even heard the cannon from the direction of Pavia as he came through Lodi: assertions which were evidently disbelieved by the Piemontese. An angry discussion had commenced between the soldiers and the travellers, when a body of officers rode up, at whose approach the others fell back respectfully. A wizened figure of a man, thin to emaciation, but with a dark eye and intelligent look, was, evidently, in supreme command. He inquired what the scouts had learned from the travellers: but in such broken and imperfect Italian, that the

soldiers looked at one another, not understanding what he meant to say. Such was General Chrzanowski, a brave Polish officer, to whom the King of Sardinia had given up the supreme command of his army.

“The postillions only come from Milan, and cannot know much,” observed General della Marmora.

“And the travellers are Inglesi, and will not tell anything,” cried some of the soldiers who had first stopped them.

“English are they?” said a middle-aged officer, in the uniform of the rifle corps. “Do you, Signor Enderby, learn what you can for us from your countrymen.”

A young aide-de-camp touched his hat, and, bowing low as he passed, rode up to the carriage.

“Ollier!” he exclaimed, “and—good heavens! yes, it must be!” he added, as the lady on the further side of the seat started forwards on hearing the well-known voice, “Miss Agelthorpe! Caroline! where can you and Mr. Ollier be going?”

“To England, my good fellow,” replied

the old man, "if you will only get us out of the clutches of your friends here."

"To England . . . but has anything chanced to Mr. and Mrs. Agelthorpe?—And Mary, where is she?"

"They are all in Rome, and I am taking Caroline to England, with your good leave," answered Ollier: while the young lady leaned back again in her corner, and covered her face with her pretty hands.

"Casavecchia! here must be something wrong!" suggested Horace Enderby to that officer, as, recognizing the voice of Mr. Ollier, he also rode up. "Here is Signor Ollier alone with Mademoiselle Agelthorpe!"

"E Maria, the Signorina Maria, where is she?" exclaimed Casavecchia, hastily looking into the carriage.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" asked the officer of the rifles before mentioned.

"Please your Majesty," replied Horace Enderby, "here is a young lady, of a noble English family, well known at Rome to Marquis Casavecchia and to me, who is

travelling with no other protection than this old gentleman, who used to be a friend of the family."

"She must be safer under his protection than she would be anywhere in Lombardy or Piemont just now," replied the King of Sardinia, who chose thus, as a simple officer, to fight in the army of which he had surrendered the supreme command. "We advise you to speed them on their way; only first learn from them what you can of the movements of Radetzsky and Ramorino about Pavia."

Casavecchia and his friend, both of whom were on the king's staff, returned, and requested Mr. Ollier to tell them all he could on the subject on which the royal army was then so anxious. They were assured, however, that the travellers had neither heard nor seen anything of either army, as the road through Lodi had led them so far from the boundary river and from Pavia. On receiving this reply, the king touched his hat politely to the travellers; and, turning to Chrzanowski, exclaimed, "There

must be something wrong, general, with Ramorino. Let us hasten back towards Novara."

Released by the recal of the soldiers who surrounded the carriage, the postillions cracked their whips, and the travellers sped joyfully onwards to the Lago Maggiore and the Simplon.

We may imagine the perplexing surmises in which Casavecchia and Horace Enderby indulged as to the meaning and object of Miss Agelthorpe's strange journey to England alone with her uncle's oldest friend. "Is she going to marry him?" asked Casavecchia. "We are often told of the runaway marriages of you English people; but, davvero, I think she might have chosen somebody younger and handsomer than old Signor Oglio!"

"I shall write to her uncle as soon as I am out of saddle," replied Horace Enderby. "Would to heaven," he added, "that I had been able to return from England a fortnight sooner, that I might have run down to Rome, and seen what they were all

about there before this war broke out afresh !”

“ I cannot say that I join in thy wish,” replied Casavecchia, slyly. “ As my military duties detained me with the army, I was well pleased that thy mother’s affairs should have kept thee in England.”

While thus they chatted, the reconnoitering party rode hastily back over the bridge of Buffalora, leaving the Duke of Genoa, the second son of the king, with his own division, on the Milanese side, to co-operate in the other movements of the army, which had been so unaccountably delayed. When the King of Sardinia had been driven, as we have said, to put an end to the truce, his army, consisting of about eighty thousand fighting men, had been quartered along the frontier of the Ticino, from Buffalora to its confluence with the Po below Pavia. Unable to find any distinguished general in Italy, or to induce the French Republic to send him one, the king, who had resolved to surrender to another the chief command of the army, had

determined to make it over to the Pole, Chrzanowski, a leader of some name in the wars of his own country, but whose total ignorance of the manners and language of Italy made him fearful of acting with spirit, and caused his orders to be generally misunderstood. The two sons of the king, General La Marmora, Durando—who in the former campaign had led the Roman troops—and others, commanded the different divisions of the Piemontese army, with this General Ramorino, respecting whom they were now all so anxious. He, also, had fought in Poland—a political exile, and a follower of Mazzini; but had been lately thrust, by the clamour of the clubs and of his partizans, into the command of a division. The plan of the campaign had been for this Ramorino to cross the Ticino near Pavia; to attack the Austrians and drive them up its eastern bank, while the king and the rest of the army, crossing at Buffalora, should fall upon them at the same time from the north. It was in the hope of hearing that Ramorino had successfully

performed his share, that the king and the reconnoitering party had pushed onwards from the bridge of Buffalora, and had fallen in with the English travellers. Anxious and uncertain, they returned to their former quarters.

At nine o'clock in the evening, word was brought to the king and Chrzanowski, that, instead of crossing the Ticino, General Ramorino had remained in his old quarters, while, unmolested by him, Radetzski had thrown a bridge across the river, and had carried over his whole army into the Piemontese territory. Instead of attacking, the royal forces thus found themselves attacked; and it was necessary to reform the army during the night, and to oppose a fresh front to the Austrians who were advancing upon them. The dispositions were not quite accurately carried out, as the orders of the Polish general were misapprehended; and the troops were dispirited and worn out by the night march.

On the following afternoon, the division commanded by the Duke of Savoie, the

king's eldest son, and by Durando, and which had taken their ground near the town of Mortara, were listening to the roar of the cannon on their left, where one division of the army now gallantly repulsed, during the whole afternoon, the attack of the Austrians, when Alessandro La Marmora, the chief officer of the staff, accompanied by Casavecchia and Horace Enderby, rode up to them with fresh orders from the commander-in-chief. Some hours were thus spent in taking new ground; and the sun was just setting, when d'Aspre, the most spirited of the Austrian generals, was seen hastening up with fifteen thousand men and a large body of artillery and cavalry. The Germans at once formed to attack, and rushed forwards behind a battery of twenty-four cannon, which opened their fire upon the main body of Durando's division. Durando himself, the Duke of Savoie, La Marmora and his staff, galloped to the most exposed part of the field, a little eminence, whence they could direct the battle, and be seen by all their troops. Gallantly they

stood there, and well their troops fought till nightfall; but they had no cannon equal to that of d'Aspre, and they at length broke and fled into the city, pell-mell with the Austrians, who took possession of the place. Several unsuccessful attempts were made in vain to recover it; the Duke of Savoie himself gallantly led one charge within its walls.

“The men are dispirited,” said the royal Duke. “They know that Ramorino has allowed the army to be cut in two; and that while he and his division are safe on the banks of the Po, the whole strength of Radetzsky is marching against us. I must try another assault upon Mortara, to release the brave fellows who are there, and finish the evening with spirit.”

All exclaimed against the imprudent wishes of the generous Prince. It was now past nine o'clock: the night was dark: the troops worn out with fatigue: any renewed attack would but lead to fresh loss. So argued the staff; and the proposal was reluctantly abandoned.

The following day was employed by the Polish commander-in chief in concentrating his forces around Novara. Twenty thousand men and forty cannon having been left, by Romorino's error or treachery, on the other side of the Po, the Piemontese army now amounted to but fifty-three thousand. Against these, Radetzsky was bringing up sixty thousand men, flushed with the previous day's success.

But on the 23rd, without waiting for the body of the army, General d'Aspre attacked, with his usual impetuosity, the position which the royalists had taken up in front of Novara. He was beaten back on every side, although two Piemontese generals of division fell mortally wounded in his repeated attacks. The Duke of Genoa was following up the victory: and then was the time to have destroyed that portion of the Austrian army, before Radetzsky could arrive to the rescue. But Chrzanowsky recalled the Duke and his conquering division; and lost the opportunity which the valour of the Piemontese and the rashness of d'Aspre had given him.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, Radetzsky and the rest of his troops came up to the field; and the whole army formed, and, together, attacked the Piemontese, who were wearied by an engagement which had already lasted seven hours. They gave way before the rush of the fresh troops: and the hill, called the Bicocca, which had been the centre of their line, was lost. In vain the Duke of Genoa collected three battalions; and, leaping from his horse, placed himself at their head, and endeavoured to recover the position. In vain the King himself, surrounded by some scores of riflemen and of others who knew his person, rushed madly down the hill and engaged, hand to hand, with the enemy. He was just being overpowered, when Horace Enderby, who, being on the staff with Casavecchia, had kept as near as possible to his person, pushed between him and his assailant: and, having disabled the Austrian, assisted Carlo Alberto to rise from the ground.

“I cannot thank you, young man,” said the King. “Why come between me and that I seek? My last day is arrived.”

La Marmora came up and, urging some soldiers between his Sovereign and the troops of d'Aspre, gradually got him out of the *mélée*.

"I only wish we could come across d'Aspre himself in this confusion. I should like to have a cut at the brute's nose!" cried Horace Enderby to Casavecchia, who was beside him.

"At his nose! What meanest thou?" asked the Piemontese.

"Do you not know," replied Enderby, "that d'Aspre fought a duel with an Italian, about some lady they were both interested in? The Italian was a fine fellow, with a very handsome nose—of which he was very proud. They fought with sabres, and the Austrian made a dash at it and cut it off. The Italian was stooping down to pick his nose from the ground, in the hope that it might be made to grow on his face again; when d'Aspre, seeing his intention, put his boot upon it and crushed it."*

* A fact.

“Hola ! look at that fellow who is riding up to you !” cried Casavecchia. They warded off his attack, and fought their way back, following the King, who was the last to enter Novara. It was now dark. The rain came down in torrents. One division of the Piemontese army had been fired upon, by mistake, from the walls of the town. All was confusion, hopelessness, and insubordination. The infantry in Novara began pillaging the town : and the cavalry, which was excellent, was obliged to charge and disperse them. Discipline was at an end : the soldiers no longer heeded the voice of their officers. The army of new levies was disorganized, rather than beaten : but there was no other on which to fall back.

A hurried council of war was held, and the King sent an officer of his staff to ask a truce of Radetzsky. “Do you go with him, my young friend,” he said to Horace Enderby, on whom his eye chanced to fall as he came out of the council-chamber ; “do you go with him. It may avail us, in our

utmost need, that Radetzsky should see an English officer in our camp."

The Austrian general had taken up his quarters in a village at no great distance from Novara ; and, within an hour, the Piemontese deputation was admitted to him. Horace Enderby had never before seen Marshal Radetzsky ; and the description he had ever heard of the old soldier little prepared him for the presence into which he was introduced. Some generals of division and one or two officers of his staff were sitting round a table that had, evidently, been hastily covered with such refreshments as were at hand. The old Marshal stood behind their chairs. He was rather short than otherwise. His shrunk, puny legs, cased in large jack boots, seemed scarcely able to support his square and large-shouldered body, which, spare and bony, was also bent with age. His light hair was now silver-white, and fell reverently around his rather handsome German features. But there was a kindness, a benevolence in the whole appearance of the old.

man, and in the expression of his mild blue eye, well suited, indeed, to the ideal presence of a man of eighty years of age, but little according with the character of Marshal Radetzsky, and with the stern and tyrannical deeds he had done. He was now walking round behind the chairs of his officers, carrying a coffee-pot, and pouring out coffee to each one as he circled round the table; while he tapped them on the shoulder, or addressed them in turn as "*mon enfant*," in a voice of patriarchal mildness and good-nature.

For one week, we have been the guest of Marshal Radetzsky in the plains of Verona; and thus have we ever seen him comport himself with his officers.

But the countenance of the old man changed as he turned to receive the Piedmontese envoys.

"A truce?" he repeated, sternly. "You ask a truce now that your King's ambition is properly punished, and that the rebels of every country, from Italy to Poland, are unable to help you. Yes: I will grant a

truce; but on condition that you immediately expel from Piedmont and Sardinia every Italian refugee from other countries, and give up the citadel of Alexandria to be governed by my troops."

"We dare not take back such proposals to our sovereign," replied the Piedmontese envoy.

"Very well ; you will get no others," answered Radetzsky, turning away, and continuing to pour out the coffee to his friends; and the deputation was obliged to return to the King of Sardinia, and to repeat the terms offered by the victor.

Carlo Alberto immediately summoned a council of all his principal officers and of one of his ministers of state, who chanced to be in the camp. He explained to them the requirements of Radetzsky.

"Such terms as these, gentlemen, we can never accept," he said. "I ask you, if it is possible to reorganize the army, and to continue the war."

The disorganization of the army was too complete for this to be thought of. The

soldiers had been discouraged by the losses at Mortara, and by what they believed to be the treachery of Ramorino. Whole regiments were already disbanded, and the commands of the officers were unheeded.

“Then,” said the King, “all is over. For eighteen years, I have done my best for the good of my people. My hopes have been blighted, and I grieve not so much for myself as for our country. I sought death on the field of battle, but I could not find it. Perhaps I myself am the only obstacle between my country and an honourable peace. You say that the war cannot be prolonged. I abdicate, therefore, in favour of my son, in the hope that he will be able to obtain from Radetzsky better terms for our country. Gentlemen, behold your king.” He led forward the Duke of Savoie ; embraced and shook hands with all his officers ; and requested to be left alone with his two sons.

What passed in that sad interview, must be held sacred from mere curiosity. Let it suffice that the father’s counsels and his

own character procured for Victor Emanuel in Italy the distinctive title of “*Il re galant’ uomo*—the honourable king”—the king who maintained the constitutional privileges which his father had granted to his people.

No reference is here made to subsequent enactments of his parliamentary government.

At midnight, the carriage in which were Carlo Alberto and one chamberlain, drove out of the town of Novara. After a few miles, it fell in with an Austrian outpost; and, alarmed at the unexpected rumbling of wheels, the German gunners had already lighted the match to fire a cannon at the solitary carriage. It halted, and the ex-king gave his passport and his name as that of Count de Barge—a colonel in the Sardinian army, charged with an extraordinary mission. He was treated with courtesy; but detained for many hours, until he could prove that he was really the person named in the passport. At length, a prisoner was brought in, a Piemontese

soldier of the rifles. The poor fellow instantly recognized his king ; but being appealed to by the Austrians, declared that he knew him to be the Count de Barge, whose title he had assumed.

At eight o'clock on the following morning, the ex-sovereign was permitted to continue his journey. An exile in a foreign land, he did not long survive the hopes of that Italian independence for which he had striven.

CHAPTER II.

But soon his better angel cheers his sight :
Tells him the very faults that scandalize
Are not religion, but are done despite ;
That grace is not less real than man defies
Its every call. That truth is not less bright
Though worldly-minded men may close their eyes
The while they bear its torch ; nor God less high
That hypocrites outbrave His majesty.

HISTORICAL events at this period were so hurried, that the retrospection of only a few days will enable us to bring up the recital of what was passing in Rome to the disastrous issue of the efforts of Piemont. There Mazzini was still strengthening his influence in the National Assembly and amongst the populace, the rash, and the ignorant, by those grandiloquent phrases and images in which he delighted : and by flattering his Roman dupes with the idea of “unifying”, as he termed it, all Italy,

and of bringing it all into subjection to the Roman Republic. He sent a deputation to Florence, where a republic had been also established, in order to promote this unification: but the Tuscans were not inclined to surrender their independence, and the harangues of Ciceruacchio, who formed one of the orators, were jeered and laughed at in the public squares.

The ex-king of Sardinia had, at the same time, sent an agent to Rome to announce that he was resuming hostilities, and to urge the Republic to send troops to assist the cause of all Italy. The proud, selfish spirit which Mazzini had inculcated, broke out even in this crisis of the fate of the peninsula. "An Italian war declared without the knowledge of Rome!" fiercely exclaimed a speaker in the National Assembly.

"Let us rush to join it," indignantly replied another more patriotic member. "Let us to the field of battle, and so we shall know all about it!"

Mazzini himself saw the necessity of

rallying round the common cause: "Let us," he said on the 18th of March, "let us cast aside all question about forms of policy and of government. At present, there can be only two parties in Italy—those who are for the war of independence and for the emancipation of our country from the Austrian, and those who are not for the war of independence. Republican Rome must fight side by side with monarchical Piedmont." The old enthusiasm in favour of the national war, that enthusiasm from which Pius the Ninth had so unfortunately suffered, burst forth again in an instant. Females, from the strangers' gallery, threw their earrings and bracelets upon the table of the house—patriotic offerings for the war: and the government and the people together cried, "To arms! To arms! Cursed be he who, in the last struggle, would divide brethren from brethren! Our country demands men and money. To arms, and let Italy be!"

And, in good earnest, the Romans did, at last, set to work in accordance with their

warlike declamations. Troops were levied and organized; and base-livered factions were, for a moment, stilled in enthusiasm for their common country. The truce was but momentary. Suddenly came the news of the fatal battles around Novara. The National Assembly met at night: and startled by the conviction that Romans had been quarreling and blustering amongst themselves while the King of Piedmont had been fighting the common enemy, it ordered a body of troops to march towards the frontier that very night, and deputed the whole executive power of the state to a triumvirate, composed of Armellini and Saffi, two of the then-ministers, and of Giuseppe Mazzini.

Saffi was a young man but little known till then; Armellini a pompous, shallow, time-serving old papal courtier. Mazzini was thus, in fact, Dictator of the Roman Republic.

We have said that the truce of factions was but momentary. There had been a rising in Genoa against the dominion of

Piemont, which Alfonsa La Marmora had suppressed after a few days. Rome heard of the rebellion and rejoiced; and in the short interval before he received news of the suppression of the outbreak, Mazzini had time to congratulate his Republic, and to proclaim "The last prestige of royalty is fallen. The monarchical principle is condemned. Let God and the People triumph—they who never betray!"

The rulers of Rome well knew that the Roman people could not be led without the name, the festivities, and the semblance, at least, of religion. They well knew that, although that familiarity which breeds contempt, may have so acted upon the Roman masses as to make them less reverentially and practically Catholic than any other people of Italy, yet they will insist upon the show and the habits of religion. Curious, indeed, is the religious state of the peninsula, where people may mock and ridicule their clergy and the ordinances of their religion (as Catholic England did in the days of Chaucer) without having the

most remote thought of abandoning the religion itself, or of even ceasing to accept its ministrations! People in this country have imagined that the political turbulence of Italians, and their aspirations for political freedom, foreboded a change in the religious sentiment of the country. There never was a greater mistake. Italy is essentially Catholic; even those who neglect and repudiate the practices of Catholicism, scorn all other religions. The historical memories of an old universal supremacy seem to tell them, instinctively, that those who are now of them must have gone out from them; and they dislike modern religions, both because they are modern, and because they are, in some sort, rebellions against their own ancient supremacy. A despicable and a hateful government, like that of Naples, for example, by allying itself with political Catholicism and leaning upon the church for support, may indispose the minds of men towards religion itself; but this will only be while the hateful connexion lasts; it will not engender the most remote

thought of separation from the faith. A government and people like that of Piemont may quarrel with the Holy See ; but to the apprehension and feeling of the people, the quarrel will always be a political one ; and they will lie by until it is over, without the practice of any religion at all, rather than think of adopting a new one. “ Let people understand,” says the historian Farini, “ that Italy is Catholic ; that there is no other Catholicism than the Roman ; and that whoever in Italy believes at all, believes Catholically.”

Mazzini was well aware of this deep-rooted feeling and tendency in his countrymen ; and, while he talked classical and profane mysticism, he permitted Armellini and the others to gratify the popular taste by processions of the Bambino of Ara-coeli, and by so much of the ceremonial of the season as could be supplied in the absence of the Pope.

For the festivities of the Carnival and the abstinence of Lent had now again been succeeded by that holy season, the solemnity

and splendour of which we before described, as they had been witnessed during the preceding year. It was now Holy Week ; and the thought occurred to Armellini to restore to the Romans a religious and festive exhibition, which they had ever regretted since Leo the Twelfth suppressed it, twenty-five years before.

It was late on the evening of Good Friday, the 6th of April, when two officers in military uniforms, who had just arrived by the diligence from Florence, drove up to the door of the Albergo della Minerva—the favourite hotel of all foreigners who would not submit to the extortions of those in the Piazzas del Popolo and di Spagna. Casavecchia and his friend were immediately recognized by the innkeeper, and congratulated on their safe return from the wars. A few inquiries into the state of Rome were made, as a matter of course ; and the young men were advised not to lose the opportunity of seeing the spectacle which the piety of the Triumvirs had, even then, imagined.

“ It is not likely that another Good Friday will be graced by the power of the Triumvirs ; therefore, Orazio mio, let us at once to St. Peter’s,” said Casavecchia.

The streets were dark and gloomy as they passed through them ; but that leading from the Ponte St. Angelo to St. Peter’s was thronged with groups moving to or from the Basilica. They passed through the piazza, and up those wide flights of steps, and forced their way, with others, under the heavy curtain of straw-stuffed leather which Italy stills hangs over the doors of its churches, lest, we presume, any one should be able to enter or leave them in pious contemplative mood, unruffled by having to force their way under a hanging mattress, or to contend with a fellow who, having raised it for his own exit, insists upon going out first, and lets it flap heavily down upon the head of the female, whom he is almost compelled to jostle aside, unless she creep in under his uplifted arm. Our two young heroes thought no more of such objections to a system to which they had always been

accustomed, than the cottager does of the architectural contrivance which makes the smoke circle his hovel before it finds a flue in the room ; and, having forced their way in by the side door at the lower end of the nave, stood in the darkened aisle. It was, indeed, perfectly dark ; but before them, down the centre nave, and beneath each archway that parted the aisles, streamed a blaze of dazzling light. They pushed onwards to the centre, and were blinded by the jets of brilliancy that shot down upon them. In memory of the Passion, an immense illuminated cross hung down from the centre of the dome, and alone irradiated the whole basilica. No other light was anywhere else to be seen ; and magnificent was the effect of the strong glare from the cross, as it gradually lost itself in the distant parts of the building, while pillars and capitals, statues and cornices, stood out in unwonted radiance, and cast deepest shadows upon the architecture behind them. The thousand spectators who wandered about, looked like the little figures in a

camera obscura, touched by a noon-day sun.

From time immemorial, an illuminated cross had been so suspended inside the dome on the evening of Good Friday, until Leo the Twelfth forbade a practice which turned the church of St. Peter into a place of idle promenade rather than a temple of devotion. The Triumvirs had imagined a renewal of the show to amuse Republican Rome, and their patriotism had improved it in a manner never thought of before. Tricolor jets of fire from the cross in mid air, illumined the tomb of the Apostles, and darted at once piety and politics into the minds of the gazing multitude.

And thousands were there idly gazing, promenading, chatting, and laughing ; and the holy temple was profaned by the irreligion and the scandals committed by those who thronged to it as to a spectacle. Colonel Casavecchia was too well known, as a gallant officer, to pass unrecognized ; and the Piedmontese uniforms, worn by him and Horace Enderby, were much noticed. Aye ;

and so mad was the republican fury amongst many, that several groups of the brutal populace in the church hissed or muttered, "Guerra regia—royal soldiers"—or "Viva la Republica," as they passed. The two young men scornfully disregarded such tokens of the ruling frenzy; and moved from side to side of the temple, admiring the magnificent effects produced by the dashes of glaring light and the masses of darkly-defined shadows: they were just coming out from among them when they saw Middleton Agelthorpe advancing up the centre nave, and hastened towards him.

"Well, sir, what of Caroline?" asked Horace Enderby. "Did you not get my letter?"

"Glad to see you. Glad to see you, Casavecchia," said Mr. Agelthorpe, warmly shaking hands with each. "What letter do you mean, Horace?"

"A letter I wrote to you from Novara to tell you that we had fallen in with Miss Agelthorpe and Mr. Ollier on their way to England."

“You met them on their way to England!” exclaimed Middleton. “I did not receive any letter from you; but we found one that she herself had left, telling us that she was going from Genoa to be married in Switzerland. It was a cleverly-devised scheme,” he added, after a moment’s thought, “to prevent pursuit; for we knew that they would arrive in Switzerland long before we could overtake them. But, indeed, she was so bent upon being a Roman princess, that we e’en left her and Ollier to work it out their own way. It was sure to be right at last; and all our thoughts were engrossed by our poor Mary.”

“By Mary!” “La Signorina Maria!” exclaimed both the young men at once. “Che mai sara?” “What is the matter?”

Middleton Agelthorpe explained the accident that had happened to the poor girl, and the anxiety for her life which they had felt so long. “But I thank heaven,” he added, when he had answered every question, “that she seems to be now recovering. We cannot yet say that she is quite out of

danger ; but she suffers little pain, and is wheeled from one room to another on a sofa."

"Good evening, Mr. Agelthorpe," exclaimed Lord Rangerleigh, pushing up to the group, and rather ostentatiously parading the eldest Miss Vernon, who leaned on his arm. Any news of the Duchess Augustiniani yet?"

"How is your daughter, Middleton?" asked Mr. Vernon, in a tone of sympathy, and interrupting Lord Rangerleigh's bitter banter. "Is the poor child still doing well? I presume so, or you would not be here."

"She is, I thank heaven," replied the father. "So I left her mother with her, while I hastened here to see this magnificent sight."

"A sight, indeed," answered Mrs. Vernon, who was on her husband's arm. "Not much show of religion in your Roman friends!" she added, with a scoffing toss of the head.

Middleton Agelthorpe gazed at her in

silence. So different was her present sarcastic manner from that of deep reverence and sympathy with which she, as well as Mr. Vernon, had ever spoken of Catholics and Catholic tenets, that he wondered whether he had rightly heard, or whether a change had come o'er the spirit of the lady's theological dream. But he had seen all that was to be seen of the effects of light and shade produced by the illumined cross: the sight of the bustle, the noise, and the indecorous manner of the promenaders, were painful to his own religious feelings; and, expressing a wish that they might all be well enough to meet again after Easter, he hastened from the scene—which was not, however, more disedifying than was the assemblage at Sta Maria Maggiore on the last Christmas eve, when he had seen Pio Nono himself sing midnight mass;—a service which had also been suppressed by Leo the Twelfth.

On the following morning, the newspapers and the street orators applauded the exhibition with enthusiasm; and contrasted

the piety of the republic, which did such honour to religion, with that of the Popes, who had suppressed the ceremonial. It was also announced that, while the cruel shepherd, who had abandoned his flock, would, on Easter Sunday, be blessing King Bomba and the satellites of tyranny at Gaeta, God Himself would bless the Romans in the Holy Sacrament from the great balcony of St. Peter's. We have described the ceremony as it had been witnessed by our friends on the preceding Easter Sunday. On this day, as the canons of St. Peter had positively refused to obey an order of the Triumvirs, which enjoined them to prepare the church and to join in the official and religious celebration usual on that great festival, a military chaplain, one who was generally said to have been suspended from his spiritual ministrations, was found to officiate pontifically in the place of the Pope, and to get up a politico-religious scene. The church was decked out with the usual splendour. The renegade priest performed the service at the reserved altar,

at which only the Pope himself is permitted to officiate: the consuls of England, of America, of Switzerland, and of Tuscany, were there, sole representatives of the ambassadors from every country whom we saw last year around that altar. Many deputies to the National Assembly; the members of the different political clubs, and the Triumvirs themselves, gathered at the ceremony to testify their respect for religion. Bands of military music replaced the allelujahs of the papal choirs and the chorus of the silver trumpets. "It is impossible," said the "Pallas" newspaper of the following day, "it is impossible for our words to do justice to the majestic and solemn ministrations of yesterday. At the end of mass, which was performed before an immense and silent multitude, the officiating priest went, in the midst of a most splendid cortege, to the great balcony to bless the assembled people. He moved under a large canopy, which was upborne by officers of the staff of every division, and was surrounded by others carrying

tapers. On each side, like the Papal fans of former days, but much more glorious than they, were displayed the banners of Italy. The Triumvirs, the representatives of the people, the ministers, the officers of the staff, followed the priest with solemn bearing. The balcony was decked out with the national colours. Benediction was given with the Blessed Sacrament, amid the thunder of the artillery of St. Angelo. After which, the National Guards, uplifting their caps on the points of their bayonets, loudly cheered the new general, Sturbinetti."

This political display was not without its influence on the ignorant rabble of Rome. Every group one passed was talking of the grandeur of the show—of how much more splendid it was with tricolor flags than when the Pope himself was there. "The Pope! and what," they asked one another, "was the Pope? He was only a man in a tiara who blessed the people in the name of God; but now God Himself blessed them. Let the Pope deny, if he could, that the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was

much greater than any that he could bestow. No, no; the Vicar of Christ was missing, through his own fault—not theirs: but there remained God and the people.”

Strange as it may seem, the people really gloried in the greater blessing they thought they had received—in the blessing of the Master rather than in that of the servant—in the blessing of Christ Himself rather than in that of his vicar. The pious ignorance even of the better educated, gloried in the thought that they must have received the direct blessing of their Saviour, because sacrilegious hands had, at the bidding of the Triumvirs, uplifted the Consecrated Host above them!

But the canons of St. Peter's, who had before refused to greet the new republic with a *Te Deum*, were not thus to disobey its magistrates with impunity. As a memorial of the times, we quote the following decree:—

“In the name of God and the People.

“THE TRIUMVIRATE,

“Considering that the canons of the Va-

tican Chapter have reiterated, on Easter Sunday, their refusal to take part in the sacred services ordered by the government:

“Considering that such refusal, while it seriously compromises the dignity of religion, offends also the majesty of the Republic:

“Considering that it is the duty of the government to preserve religion uncontaminated, and to punish every offence against the Republic:—

“ DECREES—

“The canons of the Vatican Chapter, in punishment of their criminal refusal to join in the divine services ordered by the Republic on Easter Sunday, are personally fined in the sum of one hundred and twenty scudi (£25) each.

“ C. ARMELLINI.

“ G. MAZZINI.

“ A. SAFFI.”

The “Pallas” newspaper highly applauded the penal decree: the “Constitutional” was fined, at the same time, for having written that some scandals had

occurred at the illumination of the cross, in St. Peter's, on Good Friday night. Such was the civil and religious liberty, and the liberty of the press, established by the Republicans: so was punished every refusal to offer incense to their idol, and to Mazzini himself, who was its high priest.

A few days after these transactions, Horace Enderby and Marquis Casavecchia, who had often individually made their inquiries at the door as to the state of Mary Agelthorpe, met, by chance, on the wide stairs of the palace Sermoneta, and were unexpectedly admitted. They found Mr. Agelthorpe in one of the outer drawing-rooms; and after chatting with him for a few minutes, learned with delight that his daughter was so much better as to have been wheeled on a sofa into their usual sitting-room. "She is well enough to see old friends," he said; "and although she must not talk much herself, will be interested in hearing of your adventures. But do not say anything that may agitate her," he added, carelessly; while his own con-

science made each of the young men think that the caution was pointedly addressed to himself. They entered the yellow drawing-room on tiptoe, and there, indeed, lay the gentle girl on a low sofa, her slender form concealed by a large shawl that fell over her and down to the floor. Her sweet face was paler than usual ; but the full blue eyes seemed increased in size, and were more than ever expressive of her romantic and enthusiastic soul. They turned joyfully and happily from one to the other of the two young men ; and while Horace, with the familiarity of childhood, placed one knee on a stool beside the couch, and taking the little hand that lay, white and transparent, outside the shawl, gently pressed it as he murmured his delight at seeing her again ; she looked up with open approval at Casavecchia, who stood over her, regretting that his own more recent acquaintance did not permit him the familiarity of gesture in which his friend had not scrupled to approach her. There was something of sadness and of pain in his look ; and his manner

and features could never conceal any thought or feeling that moved him. Mary Agelthorpe well read his speaking countenance: she moved towards him her other hand, just enough to encourage him to take it à l'Anglaise, while she murmured, "Welcome back from the wars. Marquis Casavecchia did his duty; but your going there, Mr. Enderby, was mere knight-errantry."

"Nay, dear Miss Agelthorpe, it was you yourself encouraged me, by your approval, to go and fight the battle of Italy."

"Yes, we were all in high hope then, and did not know Italy as well as we do now."

"Surely, Signorina, Piemont has done its duty?" asked Casavecchia, in so feeling a tone that it seemed as if he were pleading for himself rather than for his country.

"O yes," said Mrs. Agelthorpe, interposing. "But do not make Mary talk. She is quite as wild as ever in favour of Piemont and all Italy."

A look from the large brown eyes of the marquis conveyed his thanks to the smiling

girl, while Enderby, rising from his stool, said—"I think, Mrs. Agelthorpe, we all agree in all our opinions and feelings on the matter, except you. Mr. Agelthorpe and Mary, and Casavecchia and I, we are all enthusiasts for Italy and the Italians, so long as they themselves will allow us to dream that they are what we wish them to be. But while we are dreaming and praying and even fighting for them, they will only bluster and talk heroics and quarrel amongst themselves."

"That does not apply to the Piemontese," again insisted Casavecchia.

"No, Marquis, it does not," said Middleton Agelthorpe, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder: "nor does it apply to Venice, which is still fighting the good fight: nor even to Sicily. The Lombards have been so long crushed, that they cannot organize themselves; and the Romans have been dreaming for the last thousand years, and now only wake with the night-mare."

Little Anita Garibaldi, who had often repeated her visits to the invalid, and whose

sympathy and pretty, kind manners had been a great comfort to her,—Anita Garibaldi now rose from the other side of the couch, where she had been sitting: and, after whispering her adieus to Mary Agelthorpe, came and silently kissed the hand of her mother. “You are not going to leave us, Signora?” asked that lady.

“Con permesso,” answered the bright creole: “I have been too happy to see how well the Signorina has borne her removal to this room.”

“Where do you and General Garibaldi live now? Where has he quartered his followers?” asked Mr. Agelthorpe.

“We are in the Palazzo Doria, and so are most of our men,” answered the warrior-wife. Then she added, smiling, “We have given up the College of Propaganda. Signor Cass, the American minister, went to Mazzini to ask him to persuade Garibaldi to move his troopers, lest they should injure the libraries and works of art.”

“And what answer did the scoundrel make?” asked Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe.

“He said,” replied Anita laughing, “that he would ask us to move from the Propaganda: but that he would never say a word in favour of the property of Prince Doria, who had betrayed the people, and deserved worse of them than any man in Rome.”

“But do what you can, nevertheless, to save his beautiful palace,” urged Middleton.

The pretty South American promised that she would do so; and, with another bright look at Mary, glided from the apartment.

As she went out, the butler entered with a little parcel and some visiting cards. The parcel was hastily opened, and all were surprised to see in it a piece of wedding-cake, imitated, in Spillman’s best manner, from those which Gunter sends out in London.

“Who can it come from? Did they not bring in some cards?” asked Mrs. Agelthorpe.

The cards were anxiously referred to. One set were those of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon: while the other, tied together with a silver

thread, bore the names of Lord and Lady Rangerleigh.

"Lord Rangerleigh married to Miss Vernon! How strange!" exclaimed every one.

"Here is a note come with the cards," said Agelthorpe: "see, it is directed in Rangerleigh's own hand to the Cittadina Visconti Augustiniani. It only contains two more cards tied with a love-knot," he added, opening the wrapper.

Then, indeed, arose a merry laugh; in which even Mary joined, as much as she dared to give way to it. Marchese Casavecchia looked bewildered from one to the other. "*Che mai vuol dire?* What can it mean?" he asked several times.

"It means," said Horace Enderby, "that Lord Rangerleigh has married Miss Vernon out of spite, because la Carolina would not have him. We all saw how devoted he was to her. So, as soon as he heard that she had run away with Augustiniani, he has proposed to Miss Vernon, and married her directly, in order to prove to Miss

Agelthorpe that he is not going to die of a broken heart. These cards, that he has himself directed to the Citizen Augustiniani, attest that such was his object, and evince his spite in the hint they convey that she is only a citizen, after all."

"Poor Kate Vernon!" said Mary: "do not let her know that Lord Rangerleigh sent those cards to Caroline."

Colonel Casavecchia looked more perplexed, if possible, by the explanation he had received, than he had been before.

"What a scandal!" he at length exclaimed. "How could a man so compromise himself?"

"How do you mean?" asked Horace.

"In proposing himself and being refused, as I gather that he has been. Why did he not employ a friend to ask the hand of the young lady for him, as we do in Italy? So I suppose your English customs obliged him to marry directly, to save his character. Poor young lord! Our Italian plan is much better than your English manners."

"My English manners must turn you

both out of the room now," said Mrs. Agelthorpe: "for you have paid a long visit, and Mary is beginning to look tired."

The two young men took a friendly and affectionate leave. And as they walked away, Horace Enderby explained to the Piemontese that it was not English etiquette, but his own prideful and spiteful feelings that had compelled Lord Rangerleigh to wed another lady so suddenly, in order to prove he did not care for the first; "and as for proposing in person or through a friend," he continued, "each one proposes in the manner which he thinks most likely to secure his acceptance. We English are a more chivalrous people than you Italians: we do not think ourselves degraded by owning that we love a pretty girl, even although she will not marry us."

"This marriage of Rangerleigh," said Middleton Agelthorpe to his wife, as the young men left the yellow drawing-room, "explains the eagerness, the almost effrontery, with which, at St. Peter's, he paraded Kate Vernon on his arm before me. And

I am afraid it also explains the sarcastic tone, so new to them, in which Mr. Vernon and his wife then spoke of Catholicism. Their daughter was about to make a good Protestant connexion ; and they were trying to congratulate themselves that she had not become a Catholic. Expediency was labouring to rejoice over principle."

"We ought to have urged them on sooner," said Mrs. Agelthorpe.

"I urge no one," replied her husband : "it is his own affair. Though, perhaps," he added, after a while, "perhaps we might have won a whole family." He paced thoughtfully up and down the room, until his wife signed to him to be still.

She alone had observed that Mary had silently sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

Alas for Italy! the battle-field
Of nations ever! Prize of barbarous fight,
And doom'd unwilling homage still to yield,
And writhe and struggle 'neath the oppressor's might.

It must have been long evident to every reader that the primary error of Pius the Ninth was in throwing himself entirely upon the good feeling of his Romans without having first secured any military force to protect even his own person from the wild impulses of his grateful but ignorant subjects, during their state of transition from slavery to constitutional government. And yet, strange to say, such a force did, from the beginning, exist. Between three and four thousand Swiss troops, on whose faith he might securely count, had been quartered at Bologna, and were idle in their

barracks, while their sovereign was being attacked in his palace and a fugitive to Gaeta. Then, for the first time, does the thought of these soldiers appear to have occurred to the mind of the papal counselors. And an order was sent to their commander to march his troops from Bologna to Gaeta, that they might be employed from thence in the work of restoration. The magistrates of Bologna besought the Swiss not to leave them to the mercy of the rabble: but they were prepared to obey the order of their sovereign, could he only send them money with which to pay their way. This was not to be had; and even Swiss fidelity to a military oath revolted from the thought of a fortnight's march, during which they could only exist by pillaging the friendly inhabitants of the country they were to pass through. The troops lingered on at Bologna till their time of service had expired; after which, they would probably have entered that of the Roman republic, had not the poverty of the latter prevented such an enlistment.

Hopeless of recovering arrears due, and seeing no prospect of enlistment in other service, they gradually dispersed.

A restoration was to be sought by other means; and the little court at Gaeta became the centre of the intrigues of the diplomatists of every government in Europe. It was evident that the Christian world would re-establish the papal power at Rome either by fair means or foul. The government of Piedmont was most anxious that no foreign troops should be called into Italy—that the restoration should be the work of Italians only. It offered its services as a mediator; its troops as protectors; requiring, however, that his Holiness should engage to maintain the constitution he had first given. The French ambassador insisted upon the same promise; while Austria, Naples, and Spain, were eager to rush in to re-establish the ancient clerical despotism, or any other the Pope and his counselors might prefer. Then had come the revolution in Tuscany, and the flight of the Grand Duke to Gaeta, where he was re-

ceived with the sneers of the courtiers, who said they "had not expected to see him quite so soon"; and Cardinal Antonelli was instructed to address a formal application for the armed intervention of Austria, France, Spain, and Naples; "because, from their geographical position, they could most quickly bring their armies to re-establish, in the dominions of the Holy See, that order which had been destroyed by a horde of sectaries." Some people thought that the geographical position of Piemont and Genoa was as proximate to Rome as that of Spain or even France; but the suspicions and jealousies of the ambitious designs attributed to Piemont caused this slight to be put upon it. In vain, the Sardinian envoy had protested against the intervention of Austria in the affairs of Italy. Of all his counsellors, Pius the Ninth alone seemed to have an Italian heart and the feelings of a patriot. "What would you have? They would have it so!" he exclaimed, greatly moved. "What can I do? It is too late!" he sighed, in answer to the

prognostication of those evils which must result to his country from the armed intervention of Austria.

Austria was rushing on. Haynau had already seized upon Ferrara; and when, goaded beyond endurance, Carlo Alberto had put an end to the truce, and renewed the war for Italian independence, a patriotic hope shot for a while across the mind and heart of the Pontiff. While all around him joyed in the anticipated destruction of the Italian army, or trembled at the possibility of its success, Pius the Ninth alone could not conceal that his sympathies were with his countrymen. Strange scruples which had prevented one so truly patriotic, and who had ever been willing to fight in defence of his own frontier, from understanding that that frontier was equally endangered whenever the foreigner obtained dominion over any one of the Italian family that peopled the states of the peninsula!

The cause of Italy perished at Novara. The great town of Brescia, with its thirty-

five thousand wealthy inhabitants, was besieged by Haynau. He knew that peace had been concluded, and that, if the inhabitants knew it, they would surrender. He kept them in ignorance of the fact, and took the town by assault. They fought in every street; almost every house had to be stormed like a fortress: they pillaged, they burned, they slew, they did all that infuriated soldiers can do when they have stormed a town. So did Austria inaugurate her new reign in Lombardy; and the brute, Haynau, sent to the Pope a present of two hundred thousand crowns, which he had levied upon the citizens of his own town of Ferrara.

“I do not wish for the assistance of France,” said Cardinal Antonelli: “with its pretence that it would only protect the person of the pontiff, and would not interfere in Roman politics, it would have permitted the republic to be proclaimed, under our very noses.”

A French envoy had been sent to consult Mamiani, who was living in retirement in

Rome, as to what should be done. Deeply the statesman grieved to hear that foreign intervention was resolved on: but he admitted that that of the French would be the least hateful of any. He urged that France should declare itself the supporter of the constitutional rights of the people, and should call for the co-operation of all moderate Romans. The French ambassador could make no such promise, and the parliamentary party would not move without receiving it. Republican France felt the awkwardness of interfering to coerce the revolutionists of a neighbouring state; and anxious only to keep Austria from doing so, still recommended that Piedmont and Naples,—that the Italians amongst themselves,—should effect the restoration. Week after week passed away in political discussions, till Pius the Ninth declared that “one of these days he would surprise them all, by taking the matter into his own hands.”

Mazzini, meanwhile, was backed by the club orators and the stirring portion of the community, and was obliged to bow to the

power that supported himself. In the capital, public tranquillity was little disturbed, and as yet few excesses were committed; but, in some of the provincial cities, assassination stalked barefaced at mid-day, and before the courts of the public tribunals. No stronger evidence of bad government can be adduced than the poniard of the assassin. The minds of the people must have been brutalized by the degradation of generations before assassination can become a popular remedy for real or fancied wrong. Such it now was in Ancona, and in other towns of the Roman States.

But notwithstanding all this, the Triumvirs and the government went on their way rejoicing. They made laws without end, and without caring whether they were or could be put in force; they issued proclamations; they imposed taxes; they seized some ecclesiastical property, and they levied a tithe of all the bells in Rome to be melted down into cannon for the army.

Now we are no lovers of bells. An Italian proverb says that bells were invented

by the devil to tell people the latest moment up to which they might stay away from church. We remember that, being in a country town in the north of Italy, our family wished to attend daily service in the parish church, and we went to the priest and the sacristan and inquired at what hour it was performed. "When the bell rings," they answered. "La scusi," we replied. "We must beg for a more precise answer; we cannot sit idle all the morning waiting for the chance ringing of the bell. Cannot you name an hour by the clock?"—"Well, then, between nine and ten," answered the priest. "Nay, your reverence, not even that will suffice. Either nine or ten, or any hour you please, so that we know, to a minute, when you will begin." After consultation with the sacristan, and the expression of great surprise at our pertinacity, nine o'clock precisely was fixed upon, and, for a few days, all went on well; and the church came to be thronged with people, who frequented it, now that they knew when service would really begin. After a

week, it chanced that letters from England requiring an immediate answer, detained us a quarter of an hour too long at our hotel; and, after service, the priest paid us a visit to inquire the cause of our late arrival at church. "Would it not be better," he suggested, "that I should defer beginning the service till your Excellenza's family arrive?"—"And what would the rest of the congregation do?" our excellency replied; "would you keep them all waiting for us?" The poor young priest had never thought of them. "Now we must pray you to excuse us," we said; "you are a very young man, just beginning the life of the ministry. Would you be a saint—would you be as celebrated as St. Philip Neri, the apostle of modern Rome—we conjure you to dedicate your life to preaching against bells and dogs. The evil of bells we have already shewn. Nine dogs were playing on the steps of your altar and about your church during divine service this morning. Devote your life to preaching against dogs and bells, in church and steeple, and you will be canonized."

The Roman Republic would now CANONIZE the bells themselves. The decree, indeed, professed that the bells of the monasteries and chapels were alone to be put under contribution, while those of the cathedrals and parish churches were not to be touched. But it chanced that there was, in the tower of Santa Maria Maggiore, an immense bell, which had been cast about twenty years before, and had been cracked the first time it was rung. This bell was considered useless, and they resolved to take it down. It was too large to be removed entire, and workmen were sent up to break it to pieces. For days and days all Rome heard the workmen toiling round the cracked bell, and striking it with the heaviest hammers. It is a curious fact that they never succeeded in breaking it, and left it where it hung.*

The people were much attached to two

* A still more curious circumstance is asserted to be a fact, namely, that Pius the Ninth, having resolved to recast this bell since his return, it fell to pieces with the first stroke of the first hammer.

very large bells that hung in the church of the Gesù, and which were said, we know not on what authority, to have been brought from old St. Paul's, in London. These, also, were broken to pieces, and carried away at night.

The feeling against Prince Doria, which was mentioned by Anita Garibaldi in the last chapter, led the Triumvirs to punish even the people of Rome, in order to spite him. The Doria family have the patronage, as it is called—a sort of modified advowson—of the splendid church of St. Agnes, in the Piazza Navona. Over the church, was a clock which struck the hour on two large handsome bells, and regulated the great vegetable and poultry market that is held in the square below. There was a great outcry amongst the market people when the government workmen came to take away those two bells, and a guard of soldiers was called in to keep the peace. The agents of Prince Doria offered the value of the bronze, and even the prime cost of the bells, if they might be spared; but Doria

was in bad odour with the Republic, and the bells were melted down.

Time, however, went on, and news came to Rome that Florence had risen against its republican institutions, and against the insane writer of absurd romances, Guerazzi, whom it had appointed dictator ; and that it had fairly restored the constitutional sovereignty of the Grand Duke. While the Austrian Archduchess is said to have lamented, at Gaeta, that they had “spoiled the opportunity of a thorough good restoration,” the Roman Triumvirs rose equal to the occasion. “Energy—double, treble energy,” they cried:—declaring that Rome was the Eternal City, preserved to be the guardian of an Eternal Republic, the honour of the people, the only hope and inspiration of Italy.

Notwithstanding this bravery, the Assembly and the Government did think it advisable to make known, to every European State, their readiness to conclude international treaties, by which Rome should guarantee the complete liberty and indepen-

dence of the church and Pontiff; and then sent a memorial to the governments of England and France, in which they recited how, having been deserted by their sovereign, the people had been obliged to elect a government of its own, and besought the counsel and support of the two freest nations of Europe to save them from an attempted restoration, which would lead to all manner of horrors, and which they would oppose with their utmost power.

The memorial was plausibly drawn out; only it said naught of the assassination of Rossi, nor of the insurrection which had compelled the sovereign to fly. But with a near prospect of a restoration, and the dread of foreign intervention, the excitement throughout the country became greater than ever.

The French ambassador again called upon the constitutional party in Rome to assist in the restoration; but while he admitted that it was the wish of France to preserve the liberal institutions of the country, and that the Pope himself was willing to gua-

rantee them—he could not conceal that Austria, Spain, and Naples, Cardinal Antonelli and the old Papal Court, insisted upon an unconditional restoration. The parliamentary party, therefore, refused to have any hand in the surrender of their country to its ancient despotism, and left public affairs to take their own course.

The French Government cut short all further diplomatic conferences. It saw that Austria was resolved to re-establish the papal government, and deemed it necessary to check the preponderance of that power in Italy. It wrote to Cardinal Antonelli that France was about to send an expedition to Civita Vecchia; and urged him immediately to issue a proclamation which should guarantee to the Romans the “maintenance of those civil rights granted by Pius the Ninth, and so secure the joyful and peaceful restoration of his Holiness with the co-operation and consent of the great bulk of his subjects.” Cardinal Antonelli would do nothing of the sort. How could he or the Pope do so, when the

greater part of their country was garrisoned by Austria, which objected to the establishment of any constitutional government in Italy ?

Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth of April, a French steamer entered the port of Civita Vecchia; and a French officer handed to the governor of the place a letter from General Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, asking permission to land a body of troops which the French republic had confided to his command. The municipal authorities of the town unanimously refused to permit the landing until the general's aide-de-camp had signed a declaration that "the French republic would respect the wishes of the majority of the Roman people; that it only sent troops to maintain its own legitimate influence; and that it would not seek to impose upon Romans any form of government which they did not themselves desire." This was confirmed by the Commander-in-chief, Oudinot; and then, while the governor of Civita Vecchia was sending off a despatch to Rome for in-

structions, and was preparing to resist the landing if he was ordered to do so, the people of the town rose upon him, and insisted that the French should be admitted as friends. The tricolor flags of the two countries were hoisted side by side on the towers of the fortress, and the French troops landed to the cries of "Vive la République! Vive l'Italie!" to which the Italian multitude answered "Viva la Repubblica Romana! Viva la Repubblica Francese!"

Immediately, General Oudinot put forth the following proclamation:—

“ TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE ROMAN
STATES.

“ Amid the events by which Italy is agitated, the French Republic have resolved to send an armed force on your territory, not to defend the present government, which it has never recognized, but to ward off great misfortunes from your country. France does not assume the right to regulate matters which regard the Roman people and all Europe, and even the whole Catholic world.

“ But she has thought herself called upon to facilitate the establishment of a regime equally removed from the abuses which the generosity of Pius the Ninth put an end to, and from the anarchy of these later times.

“ The banner which I have raised on your shores is that of peace, order, conciliation, and true liberty: around it, all those will rally who wish to take part in this patriotic and holy work.”

The tenor of this proclamation was very different from the declaration which had secured a peaceful landing for the French troops; and the governor and municipality of Civita Vecchia immediately posted up an address to General Oudinot and his soldiers, which, recounting the old grievances under which they had suffered, their hopes and their efforts for political freedom, declared their adherence to the Roman republic, and besought the soldiers of the sister republic of France not to commit the infamy of attacking, in Italy, that liberty which they had secured for their own country.

General Oudinot ordered the address to be torn down from the walls, and took possession of the only printing-press in the town.

The Triumvirs and the Assembly had well foreseen what was to happen ; and informed at midnight of the arrival of the French expedition in the port of Civita Vecchia, had addressed to the whole world a protest against an invasion which, they said, was unprovoked by any conduct of theirs towards any foreign government, unauthorized by themselves, and contrary to the rights of nations. They declared their firm purpose to resist, and charged upon France all the consequences.

We shall now see whether the despicable government of a revolutionary minority, which the necessities of the times and the pusillanimity of the better classes had alone called into being, and which was already falling to pieces under the ridicule of its own pompous assumptions, will sink abashed before the mighty power of France, or will startle the world by show-

ing that, even politically-speaking, Rome is not an empty name.

By misrepresentations unworthy of a good cause, General Oudinot was master of Civita Vecchia: he himself seemed doubtful whether it were as the ally or as the conqueror of the Romans. Six hundred Milanese, who had fought for their country until it sank down in the fatal battle of Novara, had embarked at Genoa, and now arrived at Civita Vecchia on their way to Rome. The Frenchman detained them prisoners, on the plea that they were not Romans, and had nothing to do with Rome. "And you, General, pray what country do you belong to?" asked the leader of the gallant band. They were released, at length, on condition that they should take part on neither side until the fourth of May. To the envoys who came to him on the part of the Triumvirs, Oudinot declared, upon his honour, that he was only sent to protect Rome from an Austrian and Neapolitan invasion; and that France would never interfere to force

upon the Romans any government which they did not like; and he sent back Captain Fabar with them to Rome to assure the government of his liberal intentions.

But, unfortunately, he had already sent thither another officer to declare that France could not look on while the Pope was in exile, and that his Holiness must be replaced upon the pontifical throne. The Assembly met: and Mazzini fairly laid before it the state of affairs, and the contradictory assertions and conduct of General Oudinot; and called upon the house to decide whether they should open the gates of Rome and receive the French as friends, or whether they should resist them, as having violated the independence of the territory and the rights of the people. Large handbills on every wall in Rome soon made known the result of the debate: soon made known that the Assembly, having heard the statement of the Triumvirs, charged them "to save the Republic, and to repel force by force".

Then arose, more madly than ever, that

cry to arms which we have so often heard: then did the street orators talk big of the glory of Rome: then did they curse all foreigners, and arouse every bitter feeling against the clergy. But higher and better principles were also appealed to, and thoughtfully responded to the appeal.

“I cannot stand this!” exclaimed Marchese Casavecchia to Middleton Agelthorpe, as they sat together in the yellow drawing-room. “I cannot stand idly by and see Italy invaded by these foreigners without striking a blow in her defence. It is true that I deemed all lost at Novara: it is true that I have little hope for my country: but yet Venice still gallantly holds out, and the defence of Rome may fire the rest of Italy to unite together for once. Above all, the public feeling in France may change: I cannot think the French people will permit this outrage against their own principles: or the ever-changing form of government itself may change in France. At all events, my duty as an Italian is clear: while the government, however despicable, of any

state in Italy thinks defence possible, it is my duty, as an Italian patriot, not to withhold even my single arm."

"And the Pope?" suggested Middleton Agelthorpe. "Remember that he is the rightful sovereign of the country; that these people come as his allies; and that all who aid or abet the usurping government of the Republic are excommunicated."

"I know it all," replied the Piemontese; "and I feel it all. I am a sincere and a believing Catholic: and we, of the north of Italy, are more practically Catholic than those of Rome," he added, while his fine features were overspread by a blush, which shewed that he was not insensible to the feeling of shyness, which makes so many young men ashamed of owning their religious sentiments: "but I am no casuist," he continued. "If we could have any assurance that the Pope would preserve the constitution he has granted, I would find others to join me, and, together, we would raise the banner of St. Peter. But this is

not so : and I can only feel as an Italian, and trust the result to heaven."

" You are wrong, marquis ; even on your own principles you are wrong," responded the Englishman, thoughtfully. " You know that any other than the Papal government is impossible in Rome : that Mazzini and his fellows are mere classical mountebanks : that as the Romans applauded the Pope when he told them, some months ago, that they had two million of brothers who would rush to their defence, so they must now lay their account to meet these two millions in arms, if they would reject him without whom Rome is nothing. The Pope must and will be restored and maintained ; and the more difficult you make his return, the more you will throw back the cause of constitutional representative government to which he himself is inclined, and to which the Popes must come at last. On your own principles, and without referring to the religious part of the question, you will be retarding the cause of federative and representative governments for your country."

“ I am an Italian,” replied Casavecchia ;
“ and I can only feel that these are ‘ Gal-
lici armenti’ who would make Italy

“ ‘ Pugnar col braccio di straniera gente,
Per servir sempre o ventictrice o vinta ! ’ ”

Horace Enderby was announced. Mary was now half raised upon her sofa, and he hastened to shake hands with her, and to inquire how she was getting on.

“ Well,” she answered ; “ but Marchese Casavecchia is telling us that he will join the Romans, and fight against these French invaders ; and my enthusiasm for Italy, and my judgment and my conscience, all draw me different ways.”

“ I am an Italian, signorina,” exclaimed the Piemontese, in a tone of expostulation, as he rose and moved towards her.

“ That am not I,” said Horace Enderby ;
“ and I shall not join you in this crusade. I was proud to fight in the cause of Italy by the side of Carlo Alberto. But I am not an Italian ; and do not feel called upon to support a ridiculous government excommunicated by the sovereign of the country.”

“Do you think that I am wrong, signorina?” asked Casavecchia of Mary, earnestly. “Would not you feel as I do if you were in my place?”

“I am not an Italian, as Mr. Enderby says of himself,” replied Mary, smiling thoughtfully. “I fear to think what I might do if I were.”

“Well, my good fellow,” exclaimed Horace, who was rather mortified by the glow of exultation with which Casavecchia shook his hair, Italian fashion, as if Mary had approved his resolve. “Well, my good fellow, let us divide our cares: while you are keeping the French out of Rome, I will get the Prince of Teano to enrol me in his fire-brigade, that I may have an excuse for arming, and for taking up my quarters in the court below, so as to be ready to protect Miss Agelthorpe against your friends, whom I deem more dangerous enemies than the French.”

“I am assured that, under no circumstances, will foreigners be in the slightest danger,” observed Middleton Agelthorpe.

“It is true that the mob had begun to threaten the French residents in Rome, but the government has appealed to the pride and the honour of the Roman people ; and they who are always led by great words, have declared that they will respect the rights of hospitality ; that they have taken all foreigners under their protection ; and that they will shew the world how to respect the rights of individuals as well as of nations.”

CHAPTER IV.

They fought with varying success ; and soon
The foe was driven aback,—surprised to find
Resistance so unwonted.

WHILE individuals and nations were thus considering what was to be their future conduct, Captain Fabar arrived from the French camp with a new proclamation from General Oudinot, which declared that the French had no wish to interfere in the political organization of Rome: that nothing could prevent a foreign invasion, and that, in sending the banners of the French republic to Rome, that republic gave the Roman nation a splendid testimony of its sympathy. The General prayed the Romans to receive his soldiers as brethren: he promised that they would shew themselves worthy of that title; that they would

pay for all they bought with real silver money ; and that he would devote himself to the good of their beautiful country. At the same time, the envoy, who had come the day before, declared that it was all a mistake when he had spoken of the restoration of Pius the Ninth. Two of the Triumvirs, Armellini and Saffi, were inclined to believe the assertions of General Oudinot ; but the opinion of Mazzini prevailed ; and the warlike preparations went on. A committee was appointed to superintend the erection of barricades in the streets ; others saw to the repairs of the walls of the town, by adding parapets and by cutting loop-holes. A member of the Assembly and a popular leader were named to organize and arouse every division of the city. Those who could make speeches were appointed to address the multitude from pulpits erected in every square. Horses and arms were collected. The pay of all soldiers was increased. Pensions were granted beforehand to the widows and families of all who should fall in the defence of the city. Householders were

directed to keep their houses and shops and hotels ever open, for the convenience of the combatants. All were forbidden to enter or to leave the town without a written permission from the minister of war. Father Gavazzi, who had been again let out of prison, called upon all priests and monks to be ready to give the consolations of religion to the combatants. Some ladies provided linen for the wounded: and Saffi requested all nuns in convents to do the same, and to put up prayers for the success of the Roman arms.

A new mode was adopted for raising recruits. A deputation, as we are told, rang at the door of a convent, situated at the bottom of an out-of-the-way court near Sta. Maria, in Trastevere. The little square wicket, near the keyhole, just large enough to show the nose and one eye of an old nun, was opened, and a voice said, "Ave; who do you want?"

"The mother abbess."

"Very well," said the portress, opening the door. "Turn to the left hand, into the parlour. Whom am I to announce?"

“The Princess Belgioiso.”

“Oh, what luck!” cried the old portress. “The saints be with you. But you are not a Roman Princess; for I have been portress to the convent for the last twenty years, and I never heard your name. You never came here before. Are you unmarried?” she asked, with an eye to the benefit of her order: then added—“But, Madonna! there are few vocations now-a-days. Few princesses go into convents now. They like the world and the devil’s vanities better. Uh! once upon a time, we had more princesses than marchionesses; and simple ladies had not a chance of getting admitted. Now, it is we who have to be thankful, if any offer themselves.”*

“Plague upon your tongue, old woman!” exclaimed the Commissioner who accompanied the Princess Belgioiso. “Go and call the Abbess.”

“Oimé! Deliver us from evil, amen. You frighten me out of my wits,” expos-

* So says the clerical author of the *Ebreo di Verona*.

tulated the chattering old nun as she left the room.

The Commissioners entered the parlour; the Princess seated herself, while the men stood leaning against the grating. In a little while, they heard the dragging of heavy feet; a little coughing; a clearing of the throat, and a spitting; and then entered the Abbess, in a great black veil. She was a saintly-looking old woman, and she crossed her hands in her great sleeves, as she welcomed the deputation with the usual words of greeting—"Praised be Christ".

No one made the accustomed answer—"for ever, amen"; but Princess Belgioiso rose from her seat, and requested the Abbess to have the little chapter-bell rung to summon all the nuns into the parlour.

"What can be the matter?" said the nuns one to the other: "all to the parlour! Is the Cardinal Vicar come?"

"Nonsense!" said the mistress of novices: "do not you know that all the Cardinals are at Gaeta?"

“At Gaeta! What can they be gone there for?” exclaimed the little novice in her wondering ignorance of all that had chanced in Rome.

In the parlour, they all ranged themselves side by side before the Abbess and the visitors: and then the Princess, rising from her arm-chair, opened a handbill, on which the Roman eagle scowled conspicuous. “Reverend Abbess and ladies,” she said, “let me read this to you:” and she read—“ ‘Considering that a religious vow only constitutes a moral obligation between the conscience and God; considering that the state has no right to interfere with the spiritual duties of individuals; considering that man belongs of right to the society and country in which Providence has placed him; considering that society cannot enforce irrevocable ties that may alienate and restrict the will and the action of man;

“ ‘THE TRIUMVIRATE DECREES:

“ ‘1. Society does not recognize perpetual vows.

“ ‘2. Every individual is permitted to

renounce those rules to which he had bound himself by vow.

“ ‘3. The state will protect from hindrance or violence whoever wishes to avail himself of this decree.

“ ‘4. The state will thankfully receive into the ranks of its militia, all religious persons who will join in the defence of the country. 27th April, 1849.’ ”

Now, of course, every friend of civil and religious liberty must approve a decree, which merely declared that the state, as such, took no cognizance of religious vows, and would not enforce the observance of them; but such doctrines were new to the poor nuns: and when the Princess had finished reading, they kept their eyes modestly bent on the ground. The elder ones muttered angry ejaculations; the more pious ones murmured Ave Marias; the young ones smiled, and shrugged their shoulders, and cast sly looks at one another. The male Commissioner threw his eyes impudently around, and exclaimed, “What pretty young girls! What a sin it is that they have no husbands!”

The nuns waited no longer ; but, turning their backs upon him scornfully, left the room ; and, as they returned along the corridors, the younger ones of the number began to march two and two with military strides, while, addressing the three oldest of the community, they called out, “ Sister Columba, Sister Pacifica, Sister Agnese, the state will receive you with gratitude into the ranks of its militia.”

The republic gained no recruits from the monasteries. Out of the many thousand nuns in Rome, not one availed herself of the permission thus granted, nor left her convent.

While the Romans were making such preparations for resistance, the French Captain Fabar returned to Civita Vecchia, and assured General Oudinot that, notwithstanding all the blustering of those in power, he was convinced the army would be welcomed with gratitude in the Roman States, “ if it would only make a dash against that hive of demagogues.” And the French ambassador wrote to him, from

Gaeta, "On, on, General, to Rome. Your sudden landing has stricken them with fear. Do not give them time to prepare a resistance, which might cause the shedding of blood, contrary to our wish. On, on to Rome: the mass of the citizens will come out to meet you as soon as your troops are in sight." General Oudinot wished for nothing better. He declared Civita Vecchia in a state of siege; dissolved the corporation, and disarmed the Roman garrison. He published an address to his soldiers, in which he vilified the governors of Rome, and promised that citizens and soldiers would welcome them as liberators: and on the 28th of April, at the head of six thousand soldiers and two companies of artillery, he marched onwards from Civita Vecchia. To some, who cautioned him not to make too sure of a friendly reception, he is reported to have answered, "Oh, bah! Italians don't fight!"

We are often told that the troops then gathered for the defence of Rome were Poles, Hungarians, strangers, refugees, and

scamps from every part of the world, who held the native Romans in terror. The nine or ten thousand troops in Rome on the 29th of April were, on the contrary, all natives of the Roman States, excepting about one thousand, whom Garibaldi had gathered together, and brought with him. These were, indeed, strange and fearful to behold. Tall, dark-visaged, strong men, all nerve and muscle, with hollow eyes and long curling clotted hair, that fell down on their shoulders ; with thick beards and hanging moustaches, and a swaggering carriage that bespoke pride and unconquerable daring—these, indeed, did, at first, terrify the Romans. We have already described their dress—their full plaited trousers gathered in at the waist, and their flaming scarlet jackets ; their shoulder-belts and straps bearing their cartouche-boxes and a brace of heavy pistols ; and their great Bolivar hats crowned with cocks' feathers that drooped over their shoulders. A great coloured handkerchief or shawl rolled into a wisp, cast across their shoul-

ders and loosely knotted in front, completed their attire. A long steel-scabbarded broadsword, that rattled and leaped from stone to stone as they stalked along the pavement, or dangled at the side of their horses when they vaulted into those deep South American saddles, we have already spoken of. Firmly seated in these, they scoured the streets of Rome—grasping a lance, a halbard, a falchion, or a pike, from the end of which a red pennoncel dangled: a carbine was slung at their backs; a bayonet or a short spear was stuck into a girdle beside their left pistol, and the handle of a long dagger protruded from the opening of the scarlet vests. Never, in short, was so terrific a troop of ragamuffins and daredevils as seemed to be the thousand especial followers of Garibaldi, who now joined the two thousand Roman regular soldiers which that leader drew up without the Portese gate.

The ten thousand Roman troops, of whom these strangers formed a part, had been organized into two divisions—the command

of one of which had been given to Garibaldi, that of the other to General Bartolucci. On the evening of the 29th of April, these had been stationed in the positions in which they were to await the French. Garibaldi himself disposed about three thousand on the broken ground and hills between the Porta Portese, the one nearest the Tiber, and the Porta San Pancrazio, near the villa Corsini. About two thousand were led round the Vatican Hill from the Porta Cavalleggieri, on the south side of St. Peter's, to the Porta Angelica, near the Castle St. Angelo. Five hundred dragoons, almost all the cavalry Rome could boast, and three thousand regular troops, with all the artillery that could be spared from the defence of the walls, were stationed in reserve within the town, on the north side of the Tiber, to be ready to defend the bridges in case their French brethren should make good their entrance into Trastevere.

Let it be remembered that, at that time, France was governed by a republican constitution, the fifth article of which declared,

that France recognized the right of all nations to establish what government they pleased within their own country. It was the 30th April; and as General Oudinot and his army came on, a blush of shame reddened the features of many a soldier when he found the roads, over which he had to pass, strewed with slips of paper, on which this article of the French constitution was printed in letters an inch long. But the Romans, they were told by their officers, were anxiously looking for them as deliverers; and onwards they marched, dividing themselves, when they came to the point where the roads from the city meet, into two columns; one of which advanced towards the Porta Portese, and the other to Porta Cavalleggieri. They were within a mile of Rome when the great bell of the Capitol and the bell of Monte Citorio gave forth the call to battle. But some of the French officers had been in Rome before, and declared that these were only the usual Roman mid-day Angelus bells; and they boldly assailed the troops that were defend-

ing the approach, and bravely began the battle with the republican scamps, until the real people of Rome should open their gates and come forth to welcome them.

They fought, and fought bravely, but the expected friends came not; and Captain Fabar, who had so lately been in Rome, asserted that it was at the Porta Angelica their allies were gathered to meet them; and he obtained permission to lead round a large body of men, under General Levaillant, by roads well known to himself, where the fire of the republicans could not touch them. But in this supposition, also, poor Captain Fabar was mistaken: he soon fell dead, as he was bravely waving on the men against the despised insurgents; and General Levaillant had to abandon his artillery, and to shelter the survivors of his band, as best he might, in the scattered houses near.

On the other road, Marquis Casavecchia, in full Piemontese uniform, rode up to the staff of Garibaldi. The guerilla leader observed him, and "Surely we have met before!" he exclaimed. "It is even so!"

he added, recollecting himself; “the brave envoy who came to propose to me a truce on the Lago Maggiore! You see, colonel, I was right. There can be no truce with the enemies of Italy. I am the more pleased to have so distinguished an officer at my side.” They shook hands warmly; and the whole division made a rush at the advancing French column.

But although this was not the friendly reception they had expected, the French were too good soldiers to be scattered by a surprise. They bravely defended themselves; and not only stood their ground, but gained upon the Romans. For three hours, the combat endured with varying success; when Garibaldi was driven backwards, and obliged to take refuge in the Villa Pamfili Doria. As Casavecchia was turning his horse under those old evergreen oak-trees, and at the same time inhaling the fresh breeze that cools the grounds of this Bel Respiro, as the villa is often called—as he was inhaling the breeze, and looking over the combatants and admiring the splen-

did view around, all at one and the same time, a light trooper of Garibaldi's corps, whose slight limbs strangely contrasted with the other brawny soldiers who wore his wild uniform, cantered to his side and exclaimed—"Is not this glorious work, Signor Marchese? Is it not better than any valse or fandango?"

Casavecchia's thoughts had been elsewhere; and he turned sharply, surprised by such expressions at such a time and place. The little trooper laughed merrily at his puzzled look, and still more when he at last cried, "Signora Garibaldi! You in such a scene as this! and appearing to enjoy it!"

"Did you not know," answered the trooper—"did you not know that Anita Garibaldi always follows her husband? How is the Signorina Agelthorpe to-day?" she added, with an arch smile.

"I have not seen her," replied Casavecchia, somewhat annoyed at the evident intelligence of his feelings displayed in her manner.

"You must not forget, Signor Marchese,

that you and I met in her sick room. Poor child ! we were so sorry that the mischance happened while they were serenading Garibaldi's arrival in Rome."

"Look out ! save yourself, Signora !" exclaimed Casavecchia, pointing to about half a score of Frenchmen, who were pushing towards them.

"Garibaldi is there," added the little Amazon, coolly signing to where he was, in the midst of a knot of troopers, behind a broken wall on their left. "Let us fall back upon him."

They did so ; and as a spent ball from a French musket rattled against her steel cuirass, she laughed gaily and rode up to her husband's side.

"I wish they would come up !" exclaimed Garibaldi, anxiously, to Casavecchia, while he exchanged a fond glance with his wife. "I have, long ago, sent for reinforcements to Rome, and we cannot hold our ground here much longer."

He had scarcely spoken, when Colonel Galletti, with the reserve that had been

left in the Piazza Navona, was seen emerging from under the arches of the aqueduct and falling upon the rear of the French, who were attacking Garibaldi, in the villa Pamphili, in front. This fresh welcome of brethren, coming out of the city to greet them, was not expected: and the assailants were compelled to retire in some disorder. Three hundred of them, with their major, threw themselves into the villa Giraud, and, after bravely defending themselves for some time, were obliged to lay down their arms. No better fate attended the invaders, who had made the circuit of the Vatican, towards the Porta Angelica. They were everywhere repulsed: and, after the engagement had lasted six hours, General Oudinot was obliged finally to draw off his forces, leaving Levailant to protect his retreat and to endeavour, if possible, to bring away, by hand and in the darkness of the night, the cannon that he was obliged to abandon in the lanes and at the roadside.

Joyful and triumphant, was the return of the Romans. “Italians don’t fight, Gene-

ral Oudinot, don't they?" exclaimed little Anita Garibaldi, as she caracolled beside her husband. "Italians don't fight: send that back, in an ordre du jour, to Paris!"

Onwards they merrily went. All the bells in the church towers joined the great bell of the Capitol in ringing triumphant peals; and the festive people came out to meet them as they entered the gates behind a long line of some four hundred prisoners.

"The French said that they would make their entry into Rome to-day," cried Anita again, merrily. "See, Garibaldi, there they go!" she added, pointing to the prisoners.

The committee for barricades issued a proclamation to much the same effect. "General Oudinot promised," it said, "to pay for everything in real silver money. Now, then, let him put a price, if he can, upon the tapestries of Raphael, and pay for the damage done to one of them by a French cannon-ball. Let him pay, if he can, for the insult offered to Michelangelo; and the damage done, by his cannon, to the dome of St. Peter's."

The National Assembly, which had removed its sittings to the Palace of the Consulta, opposite the Papal Palace on the Quirinal, called upon the people to persevere. "Persevere," it said. "In defending Rome, you defend Italy, and the republican cause all over the world."

We are all well aware, by this time, that no people in Europe are so boastful, or so proud of the great deeds of their ancestors, as the Romans. They now declared that they had proved their right to boast; and that they were not degenerate from the conquerors of antiquity.

"People of Rome!" said Accursi of the barricades; "this victory does not surprise us Romans: but it will have a curious effect on the people of Paris. So much the better."

In fact, that very night, General Oudinot sent off a despatch to his own government, and asked for immediate and very considerable reinforcements. He had fallen back to Castel Guido, to await them; and the Romans continued their preparations for defence.

CHAPTER V.

The Tiber flow'd hard by. Oh, deed of woe,
What flowed it o'er that cold and dismal night ?
'Mid treasures dropt by ages as they go—
Gold—precious things—the spoils of peace or fight—
Where the dull, yellow, eddying waters flow
O'er slime and mud—where all things seem to unite—
Two fresh slain corpses roll, careering down,
By whirlpools tossed or stayed ; then hurried on.

ON the 30th of April, the French had fought well ; but, not expecting resistance, they had been driven back with scorn. On the 1st of May, Cernuschi, the head commissioner for barricades, put forth another of his wild proclamations. “ People,”—so ran the handbill,—“ People, the assault on Rome will be renewed. Let us do as we did yesterday. Above all, do not let us be frightened if some batteries spit cannon-balls at us. Cannon-balls shatter one's ears, and the houses, too, a little ; but, in

real fact, as they don't hit people, they mow down very few victims.

“ At Milan, Radetzsky fired off his fifty cannon for five days following. There was a great noise, a wonderful harmony—what with the bronze of the thundering artillery and with that of the bells ringing the alarm. Well, with all this cannonading, in the five days at Milan, only five citizens were killed by the cannon.

“ Bomb-shells are just the same: that mad way they have of bursting, frightens one at first; but, in a few hours, one gets used to it. Therefore, people, let it be well understood: neither cannons nor bomb-shells must degrade us. Viva la Repubblica!”

While the spirits of the people were aroused by such buffoonery, the government made every possible preparation to support a regular siege. Several convents and monasteries were converted into hospitals for the use of the wounded, where they were nursed by females, not very correct in their manners, and attended by

priests selected by Gavazzi. Those who had fallen, were pompously buried at the expense of the State ; and jubilees, as the Romans call money-pensions, were granted to their families. The Triumvirs cleaned and improved the old papal prisons for the reception of French prisoners ; and in accordance with the more humanized system of modern times, they seized upon the beautifully-situated villa of the Jesuits at Frascati, and moved thither the inmates of the wretched Roman madhouses. They ordered that, at the first sound of the cannon of St. Angelo and of the great bell of the Capitol, all the fighting men should hasten to the guard-houses of their several divisions of the city ; and that the blessed Sacrament should be exposed in all the churches with prayers for the safety of Rome. Popular preachers were sent about to declare the war to be a holy crusade for liberty, and that those who fell in it would rise to heaven above any martyrs for the faith of the primitive Christians. All arrests for debt were postponed for ten days ;

and thus, by appealing to the religious and temporal interests of the people, to their piety, their poverty, and their pockets, the Triumvirs aroused them to a state of frenzy well suited to enable them to meet that which was before them.

Nor, in truth, were such arts needed to excite the indignation of the Roman people when they heard that their territory was invaded not only by the French, but by the armies of those whom they most hated and despised. The Spaniards made a descent on a little village amid the marshes at the mouth of the Tiber; and put forth a magnificent proclamation announcing the willing submission of the few fishermen who inhabited it. The Austrian army marched towards Bologna, fulminating vengeance against all who should not instantly submit. Monsignor Bedini, the papal governor of the Legation, followed them, and, while admitting that even the rational part of the population had been led astray by the factious, announced that protecting armies would concur with him in the holy

enterprise of restoring the sovereign authority of the Pontiff. The conduct of the Austrians, whom Monsignor Bedini thus introduced as his associates for the furtherance of the same object, should make prudent men learn how they accept and acknowledge such fellowship.

But Naples, too, would have a hand in the work of restoration ; and although the French general, Oudinot, declined their assistance, and would not own them as allies, sixteen thousand Neapolitan troops were led by King Ferdinand into the Roman territory. Then, indeed, the people of Rome rose indignant. " France, Austria, Spain, and Naples," exclaimed the Triumvirs : " the chorus is complete. But be they two or be they four, Rome will not move from her firm resolve." It were difficult to express the hatred and contempt and indignation with which the Romans heard of the advance of the Neapolitans. One invader might inspire one sentiment ; another the other : it was the fate of King Ferdinand and his supporters to call forth

the bitterest essence of each. Romans have ever hated and looked down upon Neapolitans. They now rose, more indignantly than ever, to arms; for whatever they might have hoped from the liberality of the French, they all knew that nothing was to be expected from the new enemies. The republicans and the populace of Rome, maddened by these invasions on every side, now, indeed, imbibed a bitter feeling against the clergy, for whose benefit the restoration was intended, and against all whom they suspected to be in favour of the reactionary movement.

Hitherto, the clergy had been little molested, beyond passing cries and insulting gestures applied to some of them in the streets. Nor, until now, had many of the upper classes left Rome. There had been a talk of confiscating the property of emigrants; but it was found that no one had emigrated excepting those who held office under the Pope and the then-existing constitution; and who had fled from the republic lest they should be supposed to ap-

prove it. But beyond the Princes Corsini, Rignano, Borghese, Barberini, Ruviano, and Doria, and beyond the Cardinals who had been in attendance on the person of the Pontiff, or who had episcopal sees elsewhere, few had left. Cardinal Gigante—the representative “dei Thomsoni”—would, indeed, have fled before but that he was detained by illness; whether that illness were real, or were only imagined by fright, might be doubted. Now, however, terror certainly predominated, and he rose from his bed and prepared himself to fly.

“My dear Miss Agelthorpe,” said Horace Enderby to her, the day after the Neapolitan invasion was known, and while the fair girl, with returning strength and more healthful cheeks, lay upon her accustomed sofa—“my dear Miss Agelthorpe, you will soon have all the nobles of Rome gathered in the court below, and enrolled in your defence.”

“Or in their own?” she said; “which is it? for I suspect what you mean.”

“Well, it is strange,” observed her fa-

ther, "how the princes and gentry of Rome have been gradually distanced and left behind in the government of their country. I do not speak of these latter republican times; although it is strange that not one of them should be willing, if able, to come forwards as a republican: but observe how, from the beginning, they have, one by one, shewn themselves incompetent to maintain a position in the lay administrations, or even to oppose, if they disapproved of them. Even now, with a French army at the gates, with other invading forces pushing forwards on every side, why is it that not a single Roman joins the standard of his sovereign which these invaders bear with them? They all know that their sovereign must and will be restored; and yet they will neither curry future favour by striking a blow for him, nor will they to the walls against him. In what other country in the world could an invading army gather for the restoration of a legitimate government without being joined by some of the partisans of that government?"

“ You must consider,” said Horace, “ how all Italians hate all foreigners ; and that many who might unite to restore the Papal Government, are withheld because they can obtain no pledge that it shall be constitutionally carried on. So, Miss Agelthorpe, I justify your champions in the court below from every charge, except that of wishing to protect you.”

“ What champions of Mary do you allude to ?” asked her father.

“ To the young Roman princes and nobles who throng round your landlord, the Prince of Teano, and beseech him to enrol them in his fire-brigade.”

“ That they may escape being sent to fight on the walls ?” asked Mary.

“ Ungenerous imputation !” exclaimed the young man. “ My dear Miss Agelthorpe, I assure you they are only anxious to extinguish the fires in the town, as they cannot quench those which you have lighted in their own bosoms.”

“ I tell you what, Horace,” interposed Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe, “ if we are to

be besieged by three or four armies at once, I ought to lay in a stock of provender for my horses. I must send to your friends, Rosina's brothers, at the fountain of Egeria."

"Perhaps I had better call there to-morrow, and order in as much as they can bring," replied Enderby. "I had planned to go out shooting while the country is still open."

"Well, do so, if you please; but you Romans have comical seasons for your sport."

"Our chasse lasts all the year round," answered the other. "We have such a variety of climate, from the neighbourhood of the sea, the marshes and the mountains, that our season lasts pretty nearly all the year round—particularly as Italians bag all that has life in it. Do you like sparrows?" he added, as he gaily shook hands with Mary and her father.

"I do not know what to say to sparrows, but there is certainly no better bird brought to table than a thrush," replied Agelthorpe,

as his young friend left the room. "Altogether," he continued, addressing Mary, "I think Rome is the head-quarters of prog. Romans have no fish worth eating, and no mutton; but, as Horace says, they have a great variety of birds and wild game—from woodcocks to wild boar; and they are most choice in their cookery. One sees nothing of all this in the market before the Pantheon, except the carcasses of miserable little kids just born, and the slices of white meat cut from the breasts of the fowls, because Roman epicures will not use anything less delicate in their white soups. But I do believe they kill the fowls before they cut out the slices."

"What can you mean, papa?" asked Mary, shivering while she contracted her shoulder with a twitch of pain.

"I mean that I have often seen fowls, ready plucked, escape from the hands of the poulterers, and run about the dirty square. Indeed, leaving aside these cruelties," he added, "I believe that no people think so much of eating, and spend so much

upon their cookery, as the Romans. Gluttony is a less-easily defined sin than others: they do not

“Compound for sins they are inclin’d to,
By damning those they have no mind to;”

but, as other sins are more strictly condemned, and are incompatible with the dignified ways and character of the people, they abstain from them, and seek compensation in the pleasures of the table.”

Early on the following morning, Horace Enderby, with his two dogs and his gun, was seated in a light open caleche, such as they use in Rome, and was driving through the town to go out by the gate of San Giovanni. His dogs were bounding about, delighted with the prospect of sport from which they had been shut out during their master’s campaign with the Piemontese army, and his subsequent journey to England. It was a beautiful morning; and as they rattled into the old Piazza Barberini, the sun shot brightly through the jet of water that leapt aloft from the deserted

fountain in the centre. He was meditating what made that square always look so deserted, ruinous, and poverty-stricken, when he observed a brother sportsman seated on the ledge of the basin of the fountain; and, apparently, already overcome by the fatigues of the day which had not yet commenced. Horace Enderby ordered his driver to pull up beside the fountain.

“Hola, Signore,” he cried; “shall I give you a lift? You seem knocked up before the sport has begun.”

“May the Madonna I mean, per Bacco,” answered the Roman, stammering; “but I am much obliged by your courteous offer. I have not been well lately, and feel somewhat weak.”

As he spoke, Horace Enderby opened the door; and the Roman, who was a middle-aged, stout, and rather unwieldy man, scrambled into the carriage.

“Where are your dogs, amico?” asked the Englishman.

“They—they—per Bacco! it would not follow me!”

They drove on, through those intermi-

nable waste grounds and villas and vineyards within the old walls.

“I am going out by the San Giovanni gate, if that will suit you, Signore?” said the Englishman.

“That is my way, also : but any way—any way, so that we get out,” replied his companion.

His new acquaintance seemed strangely nervous and shaky ; and Horace Enderby looked at him, wondering. His dress was quite orthodox for a sportsman—such as he represented himself to be,—though the sort of wide-awake hat he wore came rather low upon his brows, and shaded his face. Large yellow leather leggings encased his stout legs ; but his hands shook as they folded round his gun, or patted the dogs to make them lie down when they leaped upon him. All at once, the young man remembered who he was.

“Eminentissimo,” he said in a whisper, “excuse me for not recognizing you before, or for recognizing you now, in this disguise. Are you trying to escape from Rome?”

“Save me, my good young friend,” an-

swered Cardinal Gigante, laying his trembling hand on the shoulder of the other. "I have been trying to escape, for weeks. But that Ciceruacchio and his villains are roving about the court of my palace, and I was afraid to venture out. At last, I procured this disguise, and resolved to walk beyond the walls and trust to finding some good Christian to help me on. But I was tired and fearful, when I got to Piazza Barberini; for I remembered that I had no dog, and I made sure the guard at the gate would stop me."

They were now not very far from the gate in question; and Enderby besought his Eminence to sit still while he allowed the dogs to jump about him, and so, in some degree, to conceal his unwieldy person. They pulled up at the gate.

"Going out shooting, Signor Inglese?" asked the corporal of the guard, touching his cap. "Buona caccia—good sport."

"Vi sara la gabella da pagare al ritorno—what a lot of duty I shall have to pay when I come back!" replied Enderby,

laughing as he returned the greeting, and drove on.

“Thank heaven ! thank heaven !” ejaculated the disguised Cardinal, softly, as he imperceptibly crossed himself and murmured his prayers.

“I am fortunate that I have been the means of helping your Eminence thus far,” exclaimed the young Englishman. “In what direction would you now wish to go?”

“I had planned to walk on towards Frascati ; and to trust to the saints to give me a lift on my road. At Frascati, I can find safe shelter until I can escape to join quel santo birbone—that blessed scoundrel—the King of Naples, who is moving this way with his army.”

“I am happy, if the saints have employed my poor intervention to help your Eminence to Frascati,” replied Horace. “I shall have pleasure in conducting you thither, if you will only permit me, as we pass, to give an order to a contadino near la Cecilia Metella.”

But, with the cunning diplomacy of Ro-

man nobles, who would do great things if any six of them could trust one another even to conspire, Cardinal Gigante did not confide entirely in his chance deliverer. They had scarcely gone a couple of miles from the walls of the city, when the carriage was surrounded by four or five peasants and sportsmen, evidently disguised, from the awkward manner in which they carried their pieces and wore their assumed dress. They stopped the horses and, humbly and affectionately greeting the Cardinal, assisted him to alight, and bore him triumphantly towards the church and monastery of St. Sebastian. Horace Enderby drove on, well pleased to be rid of his dangerous encumbrance; and had just mounted the hill on which the tower of Cecilia Metella and the old fortress of the Caetani stand, when, looking back, he saw the friends of the Cardinal fire off in the air, in order to unload them, the muskets they had borne for the occasion. While he was looking on, a small party of National Guards came over the hill; and chose to take it into

their heads that the guns were discharged at them, or in contempt of them.

“Uh, son Gesuiti!” they cried. “Death to the Jesuits!” “The priests are arming to join the King of Naples!” and, setting spurs to their horses, they galloped down to Rome, where they soon spread a report that the priests and “the blacks” had fired at the National Guard, and were organizing an insurrection to restore the Pope. Great was the anger and excitement that arose in the town. The populace and the labourers at the government excavations and at the fortifications, armed themselves and rushed madly into the country, swearing and crying out, “Morte ai preti—death to the priests!” It is unnecessary to say that they did not find anything to justify their suspicions: but the event came in aid of the excitement already occasioned by the invasion of four foreign armies: and the temper of the Roman people was lashed to madness.

Horace Enderby, in the meanwhile, turned off to the good peasants of the tem-

ple of Bacchus, near the fountain of Egeria, and gave Middleton Agelthorpe's order that they should immediately take in to Mr. Agelthorpe a full supply of hay. The three brothers hastened to the little ricks, piled round a fir pole stuck in the ground to keep them upright—as is the fashion in Italy—and, instead of trussing it, as we do in England, began to pull out and tie up bundles of the usual size. The young sportsman left his carriage, and, whistling to his dogs, bounded down the grassy hills to the side of the little stream. He had started off with the intention of walking briskly up its course and of spending the day on the hills ;—for a long residence in Italy had not enervated the character or the constitution of the Englishman. But the apparent object of his excursion was soon forgotten. In pleasanter thoughts than the small game of the country could afford, he forgot that he carried a game-bag and a gun ; and even his two noble English setters were only remembered when they bounded up against him, as if to remind

him of their presence and of the sport he had promised them. On such occasions, he spoke cheerily to them for a few minutes and walked forwards at greater speed : but his thoughts were far otherwise engrossed than on the game for which they hunted.

He rose gradually amid the hills ; turned off through the old plane trees and elms of Grotta Ferrata : and then lost himself amid the beautiful glens and wooded hills of Merino. The scenery here is inexpressibly beautiful and interesting to the classical scholar, as recording incidents of the earliest history of Rome. The dogs crawled into the eddying waters of the rapid brook that flowed from the bubbling Ferentina fountain ; and then lay themselves, panting with the noonday heat, in the deep shades of the overhanging oaks and ilexes. Their listless master seated himself on a smooth rock that cropped out amid the stony soil beside them ; and gave full vent to the thoughts which had overcome him during his morning's walk. Is it needful to say that those thoughts were of Mary Agelthorpe, of

Casavecchia, and of himself? He and Casavecchia both knew that the other loved the enthusiastic English girl. They had not attempted to conceal it from one another: nor could they have done so if they would. Both truly divined that the Piemontese war alone prevented the other from proffering his suit; and that the fearful accident which had endangered the fair girl's life, had alone prevented either from declaring his sentiments since their return. But now she was fast recovering her strength. Dr. Pantaleoni and Baroni both anticipated that the ball might soon be extracted. Until that danger was removed, he dared not speak to her: but the question that now engrossed him was, whether he should then, at once, do so, or permit the Piemontese to take the start of him.

"I do not think that Mary loves him," he said to himself; "but neither have I more reason to believe that she loves me. She is equally kind and frank and winning-amiable to us both. And she is an enthusiast for Italy and Italian freedom, as he is.

Their characters are very much alike. He is a fearful rival! So handsome: with a high military character: so widely respected. Aye; and he has a title, and is of a very good family. What have I to offer preferable to all this?"

He leaned, Narcissus-like, over the bubbling brook; but its waters were too broken to show him the reflection of his own very handsome face and person: so he could only let his eye fall complacently on his slim and well-built length of limb.

"Well," he continued to muse: "say that, in personal appearance, we are equal. And, perhaps, I am the pleasanter fellow of the two in conversation;—the facilities of a common language and of English allusions give one a great advantage: but the Piemontese has such a confoundedly-earnest way with him! He talks to her in such a low tone, and looks at her as if all his soul were in his eyes, and as if she were his guardian angel. I had better propose at once!" and he started impatiently to his feet. The dogs did the same; and they all

began to retrace their way down the hills. There is a little inn at the foot of the hill of Frascati, where he sat for an hour, and called for a flask of wine and such luncheon as the poor place afforded. Here, also, he found a couple of sporting peasants, from whose store he purchased a rabbit and leveret or two, some quails, and such small birds as he ought himself to have shot on the way. He refused a string of robin-redbreasts; a magpie, that was said to be most excellent in soup; and a fox, that the peasants offered to sell at a high price, as they and those of their class so much esteemed its meat. Enderby had secured enough for his own credit; and then, in better heart, resumed his walk.*

“As to proposing at once,” he continued to meditate to himself, “that is plainly impossible. She must not be agitated until she is out of all danger, and has got rid of

* We have travelled through Italy with an African parrot, our old friend of “The Wabash”: and on entering full twenty towns and territories, have we paid duty on it as an eatable provision.

that bit of lead. And if Casavecchia likes to do so, more fool he, and all the better for me ! However, if Mary prefers him to me, let her take him, by all means. I am not one to seek to win a wife by stealing a march upon a preferred rival. And of one thing I may be very sure : whichever proposes first, Mary will not have him unless she prefers him. I only wish I knew which she does prefer, or if she cares for either of us. She is so confoundedly natural and at her ease with us both ! However, I can do nothing but wait and watch. I shall always have time to take my own course, when I hear that Casavecchia is looking up a Monsignore or a lawyer to make the proposal for him in due form."

By this time, he was returned to the temple of Bacchus, near Egeria, where he had left his carriage. The brothers were gone to Rome with three loads of hay ; but a labouring lad assisted the coachman to bring out the horses, and harnessed them, and looked strangely puzzled when Horace Enderby, before driving away, put into his

little dirty hand a little bit of printed paper, which he told him was republican for half a paul. So scarce had even the copper coinage now become in Rome, and so minute were the subdivisions of the paper currency made to replace it!

In the meanwhile, Rome was in a state of insurrectionary confusion. As Horace Enderby re-entered by the gate of S. Giovanni, he saw immense mobs, at the head of which was Ciceruacchio, streaming from the neighbouring church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme and its adjoining monastery. These they had been sacking, under pretence of seeking for the disguised Jesuits who had fired at the National Guard. They had thrown the furniture out of the windows; ransacked the church; scattered many of the relics for the possession of which the sanctuary had been always celebrated; and would, doubtless, have dishonoured the wood of the true Cross which is kept there, and from which the basilica takes its name, and even the consecrated Host, if the abbot and some

two or three monks had not disguised themselves in the clothes of their own vine-dressers, and mingled with the mob to rescue them. With much difficulty, they succeeded in doing so. They bore the blessed Sacrament to the nearest church; and carried the Holy Cross and the other relics to the ministers of the republic. These gentlemen could not do otherwise than express their indignation at the outrage perpetrated against relics which all Rome so much revered. They ordered out a guard of honour, and sent them, with all respect, to be deposited in the *ieratheca*, or great reliquary of St. Peter's.

But more fatal scenes still were being enacted elsewhere. The three brothers had started with their loads of hay from the farm of the temple of Bacchus, and were quietly driving their horses through the crowded street that leads by the theatre of Marcellus and the bridge of Quattro Capi, when some of the commissioners for the defence of Rome came up and seized upon the hay, saying that it was needed for the

cavalry of the republic that was fighting against the French. The three brothers remonstrated, and tried to rescue their property, as it was borne away across the bridge. A crowd gathered round. The farmers were high-spirited young men; and loudly, but naturally, expressed their indignation at being robbed of their property without compensation. There was an easy way of settling such disputes: "Eh, son Gesuiti—they are disguised Jesuits!" cried some one from amid the mob. The words of hatred and of fear were caught up; and a rush was made against the countrymen. In vain, they appealed to well-known faces amid the multitude, and called upon them to bear witness that they were the farmers from outside the gate of San Giovanni. Their friends would not or dared not recognize them. The angry rabble began to jostle and to tear the clothes from the backs of the supposed Jesuits. Beneath the shirts of the poor fellows, and on their hairy breasts, they found two or three medals of saints, such as Italian peasants are wont to carry. This, the base, blood-

thirsty, hypocritical mob could not but know to be the constant practice of those of their own degree until seduced by Mazzinian infidelity.

“Uh, the liars!” cried the hypocrites. “See here, brethren, proofs that they are Jesuits and priests!” cried the fellows who had torn the clothes from their backs.

“No wonder they grudge the hay to the use of the Republic!” answered others, brandishing their knives, and cutting at the unfortunate farmers.

The sight of blood increased the thirst of the human tigers. Poniards and swords were unsheathed, and the three men were absolutely hacked limb from limb: and, while yet they lived, they saw their own quivering arms and legs thrown over the parapet into the Tiber, amid the jeers and the curses of the mob. One woman, indeed, with a baby in her arms, made a rush through the crowd to where they lay in the middle of the pavement. Dost think, reader, she went to save them? She plunged her fist into a gaping wound in the side of one of the

dying victims: and, withdrawing it, all reeking with blood warm from a yet living heart, smeared it over the face of her infant, while she cried out triumphantly, "Tu sarai un vero repubblicano !—thou shalt be a real republican !" Thundering applause greeted her action ; and the three dying bodies were hoisted over the parapets, and cast into the river already crimsoned with their blood.

What can one say of a people capable of such conduct as this ? Is it possible to look them in the face, and to think of them otherwise than as of beasts of prey, who may, at any time and on any provocation, thirst for human blood ? Strong, indeed, for generations yet to come, must be the government that would give them freedom ; strong to control the freaks of their native ferocity, and gradually to humanize them to the procreation of offspring who may be less brutalized than themselves.

The Triumvirs did what they could to arrest such scenes : but, dependent as they were upon the mob favour of the Clubs, it was impossible they could control the club

leaders, who had thrust themselves into every office, and who gave full license to their followers. The Triumvirs declared that all such cases should be immediately tried by martial law: and they appealed to the pride of Romans, by one of those grand-sounding proclamations, which, like the eloquent addresses of De Lamartine in France, seemed to have power over the strange natures they ruled. "Rare but great disorders," they said, "the beginnings of devastation, offensive to all propriety, threaten to disturb the majestic calm with which Rome has sanctified its victory. For the honour of Rome, for the triumph of the holy principles we defend, these disorders must cease. Every thing ought to be great in Rome,—the energy of the battle, and the calm of the people after victory. The arms of men, who live mindful of their fathers among these eternal monuments, should not be pointed at the breasts of the defenceless, nor perpetrate deeds of violence. The repose of Rome should be like that of the lion: a repose as solemn as his roar is terrible. Romans! your Triumvirs

have undertaken a solemn engagement, to prove to Europe that you are better than those who assail you: that every accusation brought against you is a calumny: that the republican principle has extinguished those seeds of anarchy which were fomented by the late government: that you are not only brave but good: that power and law are the soul of the Republic.

“The person of every one is inviolable: the government alone has a right to punish.

“The property of every one is inviolable: every stone in Rome is sacred.

“Foreigners are especially protected by the Republic. Every citizen is morally answerable for their safety.”

A description of the Republic and Siege of Rome would be incomplete without a copy of such a proclamation. It were difficult to say whether Cernuschi's burlesque with which we opened this chapter, or Mazzini's rhodomontade with which we close it, were most characteristic of the people and period, and of the charlatans whom events had raised to power.

CHAPTER VI.

Visions and dreams and ghosts and wondrous things,

I love ye all! I love to feel ye rouse

The heart from work-day cares to which it clings.

When the wind whistles round the rocking house—

And twilight reigns—and vampires flap their wings—

And shadows . . . Hark! what noise was that? . . . a mouse.

Ha! ha! but frights like this awake, refresh

The mind. We are made of mind as well as flesh.

BUT the efforts of the Roman Government at this time were not restricted to mere proclamation. Some really good laws were passed. Odious privileges and monopolies were abolished; and an advance was made for the liberation of commerce, and in the direction of free trade. The National Assembly, also, amused itself with drawing up and discussing the clauses of a constitution for the Roman Republic:—a child's play, when the very existence of that republic was so seriously threatened.

And yet the first victory which the Romans had gained over the army of France, very completely altered the position of that country in reference to Rome. It could no longer be pretended that the French were allies marching to the relief of the great bulk of the people, and welcomed by them with open arms. Not a Roman joined them; and we have seen with what welcome they had been received at the walls. General Oudinot had found out that Italians could fight; and, in consequence, he treated them with respect and consideration. Not having anticipated a battle, he was unprovided with surgeons for his wounded; and, at his request, the Triumvirs sent some to his camp to attend them. This led to a parley for the exchange of prisoners; and not having taken any Romans, the Frenchman released, in exchange for his own men, the battalion of Lombard auxiliaries, whom he had so unjustifiably stopped in the port of Civita Vecchia.

Here was a glorious opportunity for one of those religious shows so dear to the

Romans. The French prisoners were to be restored; and as the Triumvirs declared that Rome had no cause of war with France, all together they marched into St. Peter's, and joined in prayer for the liberty and universal fraternisation of nations. Hence they were led in triumph to the gates; and the Romans loudly cheered them as they sent them forth to join their comrades.

In Paris, meanwhile, the French Government declared that General Oudinot had exceeded his instructions in marching forwards and attacking Rome. To prevent such errors in future, M. de Lesseps was despatched to his camp, to remain there as a diplomatic agent, and manage such negotiations as might be necessary. He was told to bear in mind that the object of France was to restore the Sovereign Pontiff, and to secure a real constitutional government to his states. He was, therefore, to avoid committing himself to any recognition of the Republic; and, above all, to have nothing whatever to do with Austrian or Neapolitan expeditions.

Great was the delight of the Romans when M. de Lesseps arrived amongst them, and declared the resolution of his government to hold itself aloof from Neapolitans and Austrians. He himself, however, was astounded by what he heard and saw; and he sent an express to General Oudinot, that “so far from Rome being overawed by a few foreign adventurers, it was a complete city in arms; a whole population resolved to defend itself; and that although the French army might conquer by force, it could not do so without trampling over the bodies of shopkeepers, tradesmen, men of the middle classes, and that bourgeoisie who, in Paris, are considered the mainstay of public order.” Mazzini gave full liberty to the French agent to examine and report upon everything he saw in Rome; while, of course, he tried to persuade him that the Republic had been established by the universal will of the people, and that nothing would induce them again to submit to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope.

It is difficult to see on what grounds

both sides thought a friendly agreement possible; but so it was. A truce was signed; and on the 17th of May, the Triumvirs proclaimed—"In the name of God and the People: hostilities are suspended between the Roman Republic and France."

At Bologna, however, there was no truce with the Austrians, who threatened every imaginable severity unless the citizens should open their gates and vote for the Papal restoration. The citizens would do no such thing. Bologna was an open town, without fortifications, without troops, without arms, without means of defence: but the citizens would do no such thing. From every hill around, the Austrian cannon began to play upon the town; and while, amid burning houses and streets, the mob rose against their magistrates, and danced wildly round trees of liberty, the Austrian troops pillaged the peaceful inhabitants of the neighbourhood, destroyed property, set fire to villas—placing sentinels to prevent the flames being extinguished—ruined the crops, slaughtered the vine-dressers, and insulted the women.

After the attack upon the town and the sack of the open country had continued in this manner for ten days, a capitulation put an end to the unequal fight. The Papal Government was restored by Monsignor Bedini: while reports of the savage conduct of the conquerors, could not but urge Rome and Venice to prepare to hold out as long as possible.

But at Rome, as we have recorded, there was now a truce with the French army; and the time was deemed propitious to look after King Ferdinand of Naples, who had marched to within twenty miles of the Eternal City, at the head of sixteen thousand gallant troops. The Triumvirs had appointed General Roselli commander-in-chief of the army of the Republic; and on the very day on which the truce with France was signed, the people cheered him on his way as he marched, at the head of twelve thousand men, out of the old gate of San Giovanni, to meet the Neapolitan invaders. Marquis Casavecchia, who still held that, as an Italian, it was his duty to resist every

foreign invasion, whether direct or co-operating with foreigners, accompanied the army. He would not take any command, but rode out as a volunteer only, and was often by the side of Garibaldi and his wife, urging the guerilla leader to reduce his men to some discipline, or, at least, to repress in them the spirit of freebooters and pillagers of friend and foe, which made them the terror of the whole country.

“I wish them to be the terror of the whole country,” answered Garibaldi, smiling; “but, indeed, it is the very terror they inspire which causes them to be accused of the indiscipline you mention. See those English ecclesiastical students who are just come out from their villa at Monte Porzio to have a look at King Ferdinand; see how they are scampering from the sight of us. I warrant me, if one of them tumbles down and sprains his hand, we shall be accused of laming him. But ask any of my fellows if I am not a severe leader; ask any of them if I ever pardon an outrage upon friends. Such will, I own, occasionally

occur ; but you yourself will see how little they justify all that is said against us."

"As to discipline, general, you may have a discipline of your own ; but I defy any European soldier to discover it," replied Casavecchia, laughing. "Your very officers wear no uniform or badge to mark them as such ; and I see your scarlet cloaks rushing hither and thither, and fighting like any of your privates, only more madly. You and they all rush out alike, foraging, with or without saddles, if you have not time to clap them on your horses, and drive home the droves together. They cook and mess together, and there seems to be an equality in everything :—except that the officers are expected to be twice as rash, and to do twice as much fighting as the men."

"Reason good why they should not wear rich uniforms !" interposed Anita. "He who is a captain to-day is a private to-morrow ; while a private is hoisted by his fellows into the rank of him whom they have disgraced. Bravery alone makes them officers, as the want of it degrades them. How

could uniforms be made to fit such violent changes?"

Thus chatting, they advanced amid the beautiful hills of Frascati, while the Neapolitan army, which had already sent out reconnoitring parties from Albano, retreated at their approach. In fact, King Ferdinand and his counsellors, lay and clerical, from Gaeta, were most indignant that De Lesseps should be treating with the Romans, and that a truce should have been signed between them and Oudinot without their knowledge. The very resolve of the French not to make common cause with Naples, convinced them that the interest of the Pope was about to be betrayed; they had hastily begun their retreat, and had already fled as far as Velletri.

General Roselli was forming his plan to attack them there, when Garibaldi, who with his followers was in the centre of the army, called upon them to follow him, and galloped to the vanguard. In vain the commander-in-chief ordered him to return to his own division. Garibaldi had never

obeyed any orders, and never would; and he led off two thousand men to begin the battle, in his own way, against sixteen thousand. He found the Neapolitan army drawn up near Velletri, and rushed upon it at once, without order or method. There was, indeed, need for that wild bravery they had boasted; for they were well nigh overpowered by the immense majority of the enemy. But dread of the Garibaldians did the work of numbers; and, after a while, they succeeded in driving the invaders back into the city.

Roselli and the rest of the army came up as the skirmish was ended, and took positions from which they might assault the town on the following morning. But the King of Naples decamped in the night; and, in the greatest confusion and terror, began his march homewards.

The news of this victory could not but increase the fame of Garibaldi: and his partisans in Rome loudly proclaimed his praises in opposition to those who complained that the commander-in-chief had

allowed the king to escape. Such immunity from the blame he had deserved and the danger he had run by his disobedience, could not but fire still more the independent spirit of the condottiere. He insisted upon an immediate invasion of the kingdom of Naples: and the Triumvirs approved his plans. Six thousand men were entrusted to Garibaldi, while the General was recalled to Rome with the rest of the army.

Early on the following morning, the wild leader and his Anita sat outside the tent that had been pitched for them on the wooded summit of a hill not far from the walls of Velletri. Such were always the spots chosen by Garibaldi for his encampment;—spots where the beauty of the scenery fed a romantic and poetic temperament, which seemed to delight as much in picturesque solitude as in the din of battle. The scene before them was beautiful. The sun, rising on their left hand, was drawing up the mists that lay over the immense plains of the Pontine marshes: nearer, beneath their feet and dipping into the un-

bounded valley before them, lay the woods and pastures, and marsh and salt lakes—the hereditary property of the Caetani family—which supplied all those cart loads of fish, of “buffalo eggs” (made of curds), and of butter, which, almost daily, halted in the court of the Agelthorpes’ apartment at Rome. An unbroken estate of thirty-three thousand acres, which the proprietor kept in his own hands, because he could not find tenants wealthy enough to stock them—which he had never once visited, because the duties and usages of feudalism would compel him to record his visit by ruinous grants and surrender of rights—the pigs from which alone produced an income of three thousand pounds sterling a-year; while its beeves and its buffaloes supplied half Rome, and its woods abounded with wild boar and with every animal and bird of chase—an unbroken estate of thirty-three thousand English acres, away stretched this magnificent territory, down to the bright Mediterranean sea, which already glistened in the rising sun.

Garibaldi and his wife arose, and wandered, hand in hand, a little higher up the hill, that they might the better admire the magnificent prospect. They seated themselves, side by side, on a bare rock beneath some spreading chestnut trees: and, after remaining thus for a few moments in silence, Anita cast her arms around her husband's neck and fondly leaned her head against his shoulder.

"What is it, my Anita?" he asked, gently returning her caress; "thou art sad and out of spirits this morning. What is it grieves thee?"

"This invasion of Naples, Garibaldi. . . . I cannot go with thee," faltered the loving wife, as she began to weep.

"Cannot go with me! And wherefore not, anima mia? I shall seem to lose my right arm when thou art not nigh."

"And that it is that pains me," answered the little woman. "Not," she added, laughing, "that I think myself thy right hand: but I am cool and thoughtful in the midst of battle, and I can tell thee often when

danger is coming on, or a treacherous blow is aimed while thou art rushing forwards, all too madly brave to look aside. This is the thought that has so often made me go with thee to battle: and now I dread to think what may chance to thee without thy little guardian angel."

"Nay, but, dear one, why shouldst thou leave me to take care of myself?" asked her husband, smiling at the thought that her slight arm could be any protection to him.

She pressed her face still closer upon his bosom, and said, "I felt, in the skirmish last night, that this rough riding in the battle was too much for me. Were I to be taken ill on the march, I should be but an encumbrance: and I must not risk the life of another son of my Garibaldi."

"Must thou really lay up already?" asked her husband, tenderly. "Nay, then, risk not thyself, my Anita. Go back to Rome with General Roselli; and nurse thyself, so as to give me another Italian-hearted boy."

"Our three poor boys that we left at

Genoa:—would that I could have them with me!" exclaimed the mother. "But that, I know, cannot be; and I myself would not go further from thee. But take care of thyself, my Garibaldi: promise me that thou wilt not be over rash," she urged, as she took his two large hands in hers and looked fondly into his eyes. He kissed her pretty parted lips, and answered, "Rash I will not be, my Anita; because I know that what the world calls rashness is not really so. I and all our followers should have been laid low long since, but that those who come against us are already half conquered by the terror of our name. They can neither strike a good blow, nor take a steady aim. Our wild courage it is that saves us."

"Well, well, Giuseppe caro," she said; "remember only that thy little Anita waits for thee at Rome: and that, should aught befall thee, none will remain behind to watch over our children."

"Fear not, anima mia," replied her husband, rising and giving her his arm to lean

on, as they descended the hill. "It is time that I were in the saddle. I will let thee hear from me often, and will think of thee ever; as do thou of me. Let me now commend thee to the care of General Roselli. Stay quiet in Rome, my love," he added; "and I would have thee see, at times, the English family in Palazzo Sermoneta. I cannot but grieve that the poor girl should have been hurt by a shot that was fired to do honour to us."

At the entrance to the tent, they parted. Garibaldi sought the commander-in-chief; and, explaining to him the condition of his wife, committed her to his charge. Then vaulting into his saddle, he placed himself at the head of the six thousand men entrusted to him; while General Roselli, with the remainder of the army and the little Amazon, Anita, returned slowly to Rome.

We have not space to follow the march of the invading army. It was wild and adventurous; and Casavecchia, who preferred anything to idly waiting at Rome the result of the controversy with the

French diplomatists, or the recovery of Mary Agelthorpe, found interest and entertainment, without end, in the magnificent scenery they passed through, and in the terror of the inhabitants at the very name of Garibaldi. Wherever they went, the population fled before them, and hid themselves in caverns and in the mountains. The Lombard auxiliaries, whom Oudinot had released in the exchange of prisoners, accompanied and formed part of the expedition: and Casavecchia, who had known their commanding officer well in the campaigns of Lombardy and Novara, was glad of such companionship on the way.

From Valmontone, they marched onwards to Ferentino; while the peasants everywhere loaded their carts and horses, and even their cows, with whatever they could carry away of corn and provisions: mothers slung their children on their backs and trudged off to the mountain-peaks, where they met the peasants flying from other valleys, and anxiously inquired of one another where were the Garibaldians and by which road

they were coming. Terror added to the inventive powers of the refugees; and, according to their contradictory reports, Garibaldi seemed to be here and there and everywhere at once; and to be burning and destroying whatever he came near. Priests and bishops fled in the night time; and even nuns deserted their convents and took refuge within the territory of Naples.

Some Neapolitan troops still lingered in the Roman territory; and Garibaldi quickly moved onwards and dispersed them. It was market-day when, with Casavecchia by his side, that leader chanced to ride into the town of Veroli, followed by only about a score of his people. They marched quietly up the main street, where booths were built out with every country ware and merchandize; where butchers' meat and live poultry and piles of vegetables were set forth in tempting confusion; where a few sheep and kids and calves stood for sale; and where the country people crowded together in their uncouth dresses and long conical hats of various-coloured felt. Many

had muskets slung across their shoulders; but they all crouched aside, and looked deadly pale, as the little band of Garibaldians moved amongst them. One of the latter, thinking that the thousands did not show terror enough of the twenty, quietly unslung his sabre from the hook where it hung at his side, and let it and its steel scabbard drag upon the uneven pavement. The clatter it made as it struck and danced from stone to stone, effected the diversion he had wished to produce. The crowd fell back from before him, and trampled upon those behind. A cry arose that the Garibaldians were drawing their swords; that they were about to pillage the town. Those from the street, fled back into the square, where the thick of the market was held; and the crowds in which could only hear the outcry, and believe that it did not arise without cause.

“Dio mio! mercy, mercy!” they cried on every side. “What can be the matter?” “Fly who can! Save yourselves! save yourselves!” “It is Garibaldi! They

have killed a hundred men already!" "They are setting fire to the town! Oh, Madonna Santissima, help! help! Where is my wife?" "Where is my husband?" Such were the cries that arose on every side. Away ran the market wives with their baskets on their heads; and the baskets toppled over; and the eggs were smashed on the pavement; and the terrified fugitives slid and tumbled about in the slippery mess. And the basket-loads of pomegranates and chestnuts and apples came toppling over upon them as they sprawled. "Oh, Madonna, I am wounded to death!" they cried, thinking the apples and pomegranates were the shots and the bullets of the Garibaldians. All who could scramble to their feet, hurried on to the opposite gate of the city.

The pigs that had been tied by the leg for the admiration of country purchasers, broke loose from their old or new masters, and rushed terrified through the crowd—upsetting now an old woman, and now a stall covered with the gayest ribbands and

the smartest finery: or sometimes the strings, that were still around their legs, got entangled in those which fastened down the sail-cloths and tents spread to keep off the burning sun: these were dragged to the earth, and, falling upon the heads of men, women, and children, covered them all up in indescribable confusion.

And in the midst of it all, a fat ox broke loose from the butcher's man, and rushed madly amongst the people: and one was knocked down, and another was trampled on, and another got a poke with a horn, which he believed, in his terror, to be the pike of a Garibaldian. And the cries for mercy rose louder than ever: and a donkey began to bray; and, in their fright, the people thought that their assailants were sounding a fresh charge.

The shops were so hastily closed, that no one waited to take in the goods that were spread out on large booths before each. There the smart kerchiefs and the printed calicoes and the muslins were left to the tender mercies of the assailants, and were

dragged off and trampled in the mud by the flying peasants. A great calf broke from the stupid contadino that held it; and, pushing between the shops and the booths, upset a lot of crockery and of hardware and pots and pans, amid the shouts of the fellow who was running after it and upsetting as many himself. The pigeons escaped from the housewife's basket, and flew round and round above the din, thinking which could be the way back to their own dovecots; the fowls cackled; the cocks crowed; the ducks and the geese waddled solemnly away, and were trodden under foot.

In a very few minutes, the great square was like a deserted field of battle, strewn with broken market wares and upturned stalls, amid which Garibaldi and his followers stood laughing and wondering what would happen next. They did not see what was going on in the cathedral. There, high mass was being celebrated at the great altar; and the priest had almost got to the consecration, when the frightened canons,

where they knelt in their stalls, saw crowds of people rush into church, exclaiming, "Oh, Dio, help! help!" "Garibaldi!" The reverend canons waited to hear no more; but rushed from their seats, and scrambled over the stalls, and betook themselves to the presbytery.

The poor priest, left alone at the altar, and not knowing what might be the matter, caught up the blessed Sacrament, and fled into the sacristy, where he double-bolted the doors. A chaplain rushed into a little dark room, half full of tables and chairs laid by for great occasions, and crawled and concealed himself beneath them. But another, who had first run to the top of the tower and had not thought himself safe there, came down again, and was pushing himself amid the same heap of lumber, when the first fugitive, thinking that Garibaldi himself was upon him, cried out, "Oimé, oimé; spare my life for mercy's sake!" The other was equally terrified by this appeal for quarter: and started back, and thrust himself into the great drain of the building.

It is impossible to describe the freaks of the other inhabitants: how they hid themselves in garrets and in cellars, and in empty barrels, and lay trembling and wondering what would happen next. Nothing happened. And, after a pause, one by one, they crawled out; one by one, they peeped from their windows; one by one, they unbolted their doors, and whispered to one another, "What is the matter?" "What has chanced?" "Why did you run away, and make such a fool of yourself?" Garibaldi and his followers were nowhere to be seen. Casavecchia had suggested that they should leave the town while the inhabitants were thus in hiding from them. The leader entered into the fun of the proposal; and, passing out by the Isola gate, imagined to himself what would be the feelings of the inhabitants when they came to themselves, and saw the state to which their own terrors had reduced their city.

The frontier of Naples was not far distant. It was soon crossed over, and the little garrisons of the different places aban-

doned each after a short resistance, and retreated to San Germano. Here Garibaldi settled himself down to besiege the place before advancing further into the kingdom of Naples. The population of the country, who had fled before his army, soon heard of the conduct of the brave inhabitants of Veroli: and, laughing at them, took heart from the orderly conduct and discipline of the troops, and came forth from their hiding places, and freely supplied all that was wanted for the army. But in the midst of his plans, an express from the Triumvirs informed Garibaldi that the treaty of peace with the French was not progressing satisfactorily: and ordered him to lead back his forces immediately to Rome. He arrived there but just in time for coming events.

CHAPTER VII.

Say: will ye mourn that God, at length, decreed
Fit retribution? Will ye mourn that those,
Long doom'd for brutal Romish sports to bleed,
Came in their might and, for unnumber'd woes,
Work'd heaven's revenge? For tell me, ye who read,
What annual of that ruthless people shows
Increas'd refinement, gentler tones of mind?
The wolf's blood ran unchang'd through all the kind.

“AND you really are going back to England!” exclaimed Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe to Mrs. Vernon, who, with her husband and daughters, had called to take leave of the family in Palazzo Sermoneta. “Well, I envy you! But I hope our Mary will be able to travel before very long.”

“I wish she were able to go now,” replied Mrs. Vernon: “and to take advantage of this truce to get out of Rome before the war begins again. We have been kept on,

by one thing and another, since dear Kate's marriage with Lord Rangerleigh ; but now," she added in a whisper, so as not to be overheard by her daughters, who were sitting round the sofa with Mary Agelthorpe—"now that dear Margaret's affair is settled, we are off at once."

"Then she *is* engaged to Cavaliere Sir-ducchi!" exclaimed Mrs. Agelthorpe. "I am very glad to hear it!"

"No—no—thank heaven!" replied the anxious mother. "I assure you there never was a word of truth in the report. It is true that, in the beginning, we, like other English people, thought the Sir-ducchis were amongst the first people in Rome, instead of being mere rubbish—and he was very attentive to Margaret ; but I assure you there never was anything in it. No ; I am happy to say that she is engaged to the eldest son of Sir Broughton Ferrars."

"Then there is an end of her Catholic tendencies, I fear?" suggested Mrs. Agelthorpe.

“ O it was only a dream !” answered the mother, tossing her head. “ It is all very well for you old Catholics to keep to your religion ; and, of course, you could not do otherwise. But I cannot think that we are called upon to sacrifice everything in life, and to get no thanks for it. We have been warned by seeing three of the poor Holdsworth girls driven into the Roman convent of Tor de’ Specchi, because they had given up their position in England, and were tired of living at home.”

Mr. Vernon drew Middleton Agelthorpe aside. “ If you remember,” he said, “ our conversation last year—when I consulted you as to our difficulties in embracing your religion—pray do not think that such interests as Mrs. Vernon is talking about now have any influence upon us” he stammered ; and added : “ I own that we did come to Rome with the intention of being received into your church but we got frightened :—and we became intimate with the Holdsworths, and I am sure we have had a very pleasant time in

Rome, and have been acquainted with every body: but you know we Anglicans claim to be a branch of the Catholic Church. And Lord Rangerleigh has good connexions, and thinks he can secure Tom, you know, my second son—he thinks he can secure him a good living:—and now, you see, Margaret is marrying Broughton Ferrars”

“My dear Vernon,” interposed Mr. Agelthorpe, “I do not inquire into your motives for doing or not doing whatever you and Mrs. Vernon think best for yourselves and your children. You are giving me a great many reasons for not carrying out intentions which regarded your own conscience alone. For your own sake, I am sorry for it; but if your own conscience is satisfied, be assured that we English Catholics can have no interest whatever in the matter. Mrs. Vernon talks of making a sacrifice, and of not getting any thanks for it. I never heard that the propriety of carrying out one’s religious convictions depended upon the thanks or worldly advantages to be received

for so doing. Depend upon it that, while you were open to such influences, you had no real conviction or faith. You were a mere dilettante in imaginary Catholicism. Like the Puseyites, you would have played at being Catholics."

"Well—well; forget what we talked about before, there's a good fellow," said Vernon. "We shall meet again in England, I suppose, very soon."

"*I* certainly have no religious doubts to keep *me* in Rome, and I hope that Mary will be able to travel next month," replied her father; "although, if it were not for her, Mrs. Agelthorpe and I should continue here. We like the place and the people, and to be amongst those of our own faith; and now that Caroline is married and will return here, we have the less reason to live in England."

"And you, dear Julia?" said Mary, taking and playing with the hand of the younger Miss Vernon, as she sat beside her sofa and hung over it, "have you forgotten all the religious feelings we once held so warmly together?"

“O no—no!” replied her friend in an earnest whisper. “I do not wish to judge others—least of all would I judge papa and mama; but I cannot forego my convictions lest Princess Dorilante should cease to invite me to her house if I became of her own religion; or lest you, Mary dear, should then think as little of me as you do of the Miss Holdsworths.”

“But if a Lord Rangerleigh or a Sir Broughton Ferrars were to come?” suggested Mary, silyly.

“So little do I think of such a chance, that, when we get back to England, I am resolved to take the veil in some quiet English convent. Thus my conversion will not be thought to injure those who are dear to me.”

“Come, Julia,” said her mother: “come. It is time for us to pay what few other visits we have on our list. But it has been a dreadful season. No one in Rome!”

We need not describe the leave-taking of the party—once so united—now holding such dissimilar views. Mr. Vernon was

awkward and abashed; his wife brazened it out; Margaret was triumphant; and Julia, leaning over Mary, kissed her most affectionately, as she whispered, "Pray for me, dearest: do not forget to pray for me."

Few strangers, indeed, would have remained in Rome who could now escape from it; for the exasperation of the popular mind had been only temporarily lulled by the proclamation which the Triumvirs had issued after the murder of Rosina's three brothers, and was now bursting forth again. After a siege of twenty days, Ancona had just surrendered to the Austrians; and Rome heard, with indignation, of the cruelties and oppressions of the conquerors and of the pontifical commissary, Monsignor Savelli. It was the fate of Bologna over again, excepting that Monsignor Savelli was not a mere churchman, like Bedini; but a warrior, in the style of old Cardinal Ruffo of former days, who had himself attempted to organize rebellions against the republic, and had the partizan feelings of a soldier mixed up with those of the prelate.

But while Pius the Ninth was only permitted to govern the territories which Austria had reconquered and garrisoned for him, through legates and commissaries approved by his domineering patrons, it is not wonderful that deeds should have been done which aroused the spirit of vengeance and reprisal in Rome.

There was a certain Zambianchi, whom Mamiani had before imprisoned for his illegal invasion of the liberty and property of whomsoever he thought hostile to the constitution ; but who, in the days of the Republic, had been again let loose. This scoundrel, who accompanied the commissariat towards the borders of the kingdom of Naples, had there arrested very many priests and others, for no other reason than that they were reported to be in favour of a Papal restoration, and sent them to the Roman prisons. But they could not be judicially punished for mere opinion ; and were released by the republican government. Zambianchi swore that, in future, he would try his own prisoners himself :

and he returned to Rome, breathing vengeance against the retrogrades. He had scarce arrived, when he met, in the public street, the rector of a parish church, who was certainly believed to prefer the Papal to the republican government. Zambianchi shot him dead; and then, quietly rode on and took up his own quarters in Trastevere.

Such a Titus Oates could not fail to discover or hatch a Popish plot: and, under pretence that the priests were plotting for the restoration of Pius the Ninth, he arrested whomsoever he pleased to suspect. And yet, however maddened the feeling of the general population might be at the invasion of their territory by hostile armies, and at the reactionary cruelties adopted in the conquered districts; and however a mob, led on by Ciceruacchio, might, at times, break loose and pillage the churches and insult religion, the general sentiment of the people would not authorize such acts as those of Zambianchi: and he was obliged to entrap his victims by some cun-

ning device. Thus one day, an emissary, in a carriage, requested a priest to visit a dying man, who craved the consolations of religion. The priest entered the coach and was hurried off to the great monastery of San Calisto, near the lodging of Ziambianchi, and which had been sequestered for national purposes. He was led before the self-constituted judge, who told him that his very readiness to attend a sick call was sufficient proof of his being "a black" and "a Jesuit": no defence was asked or offered. The satellites of the monster hurried him into the wide garden and there shot him, at once.

There was a certain rector of Sta. Maria de' Monti, whom Zambianchi was most anxious to get hold of, and whom he believed to have taken refuge in the Irish College of St. Isidore. But, above this, waved the flag of England, which he dared not outrage. On a sudden, therefore, he and his followers appeared at the door; and, stating that they had information that some robbers were hid in the college with

intent to rob it during the ensuing night, asked permission to search the premises. The porter, proud of the protection of the English flag, incautiously admitted them. The scoundrel inquisitors swaggered through one of the halls of study: but it was full of Irish youths standing round a table in the centre, and they passed on without daring to molest them. They did not see that, beside that table, in the centre of that standing group, was seated the Cardinal Castracane, whom, when he fled from Rome, Pius the Ninth had placed at the head of the commission appointed to govern in his absence!

They passed on; but the clergyman, whom Zambianchi was seeking, heard them coming. He was in the bedroom of a sick student. He instantly darkened the room, by closing a window-shutter; he hurried on a surplice and stole; and, taking his breviary and a crucifix in his hand, posted himself at the bedside, with his back to the door. The would-be murderers opened the door, and muttering, "Uh! a dying man," closed it again and went on.

A few days afterwards, Monsignor Muc-cioli, who was tutor in the family of a Spanish lady living in Rome, was walking out with his pupil, when a party of Zambianchi's fellows surrounded and forced him into a carriage. The boy hurried home and told his mother what had chanced. She immediately went to the Spanish legation, and, with one of the secretaries, appealed to the Triumvirs.

"We have no knowledge of any right Zambianchi can have to arrest citizens, and will give you an order for his release: but be quick," they added; "for Zambianchi is a dangerous man."

They did make haste, and found the tutor ready stripped in the garden. The judge and his self-constituted tribunal had dallied rather too long with him—jeering him and insulting him and tormenting him as a cat acts with a mouse; and had, at length, sent him forth to the fatal avenue. The order for his release arrived only just in time.

The existence of Zambianchi and his

gang of murderers being thus made known to the government, it immediately interfered to put a stop to his assassinations. Twelve priests were found waiting their turn in the cellars of San Calisto: and fourteen bodies, lately slaughtered, were discovered to have been buried in the garden of the monastery.

And yet, such are the contradictions that make up the Roman character, at the very time of these clerical murders and partial outbreaks against the ministers of religion, the government was proclaiming that the jubilee, which would, of right, occur in the following year, should be kept with more than usual devotion! It is true that one main object for the preparation was that it afforded an excuse to employ those artists who most suffered from the absence of foreign visitors. No one could mistake the intention with which Peter Sterbini, who was still minister of public works, put forth great handbills, headed *INVITO SACRO*, like the addresses of bishops to their clergy and flocks, and reminded all the secular and

regular clergy that the quarter-centenary jubilee would fall in the year 1850, and that it was their duty to repair and embellish their churches, in anticipation of the coming festival, and of the thousands of pilgrims and strangers who might be expected. Not satisfied with giving the hint, he himself went about from church to church, surrounded by a bevy of hungry architects and painters, and inspected, with them, the state of every building.

“What a scandal,” he would exclaim, “that the pavement of your church is only of tiles or bricks! It ought to be of marble: it must be of marble. Not common marble of the country. I must have a pavement of marbles of different colours inlaid, in the style of the *pietra dura*. Signor Travertino here will give the design, and overlook the work.”

“But, Signor Sterbini, let your Excellency think of the cost,” remonstrated the dean and chapter: “our whole revenues would never pay for it.”

“Corpo!” exclaimed the minister. “If

you are so poor, economize it from your refectory. The richest African marbles I will have ; and your church and your piety shall be the admiration and edification of Rome. You will see to it, Signor Travertino."

He chanced to hear that, in one collegiate church, with which Pius the Ninth had been connected in his youth, the superiors had, before the revolution broke out, designed to erect a grand monument to the honour of the pontiff, and to surmount it with his bust. He hastened to the college, and loudly reproached the rector with having interrupted the work. "It was disgraceful," he said, "that so great a Pope as Pio Nono should be left without such a monument to his honour!" So saying, he ordered his friend, Signor Martello, the sculptor, immediately to begin the bust that was to surmount it, and to make it of the finest Carara marble. "The republic," he added, "might disown the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, but they could not too much honour his spiritual character and supremacy."

Signor Martello made a low bow, and promised to begin immediately upon the monument and the bust; and made the rector give him five hundred crowns in hand to buy the marble with.

But above all, Sterbini would be a judge of pictures. There was scarcely a good painting in any church of Rome that he did not inspect, and order to be touched up or cleaned or varnished. And although the course of public events cut short the completion of his labours and designs, the artists never had such a patron as the republican minister of public works, nor such a paymaster as he would have been at the cost of the rectors and canons and monks.

Mr. Enderby was visiting the Middleton Agelthorpes in Palazzo Sermoneta, and telling how he had met Sterbini and his followers in this or that church, when Mary Agelthorpe asked how a jubilee could possibly be held without the Pope. "The jubilee," she said, "or the permission to visit and perform certain devotions in the

churches of Rome instead of penances, such as the early Christians used to undergo in atonement for their sins—such a jubilee cannot, surely, be proclaimed by the government independently of the Pope? If the republic were to do this, would it not be assuming the spiritual as well as the temporal authority?"

"Perhaps the Republic herself wishes to confess and gain the jubilee, and does not think that the Pope would give her absolution?" Horace replied.

"What do you mean?" asked Mary, while her soft bright eyes danced at the thought the young man had suggested.

"I mean," replied Horace, "that I have been talking with a Jesuit—do not mention it, for the world, or Ciceruacchio will flay me alive: but, true enough, I have been talking to a Jesuit, who is still in hiding in Rome: and we have been imagining the pious Republic herself, who is so anxious to have the year of the jubilee properly kept, going to confession in order to gain it."

“Who would you have her confess to?” asked Mr. Agelthorpe.

“‘Oh, to Father Gavazzi, or Father Barni, who lately declared that there could be no other sin than not hating the Germans. Well, my Jesuit and I settled that, one of these days, he should write a description of Madam Republic, with a great red veil thrown over her red cap of liberty, and modestly whispering to her confessor—‘Reverend Padre, as we are so near the Anno Santo, I should like to prepare myself to gain the indulgence of the jubilee; and so I am come to confession.’

“‘Nay, but, my daughter,’ answered my Jesuit friend, for I acted the Republic and he took the part of the priest:—‘Nay, but, my daughter,’ he said, ‘you are so innocent that your soul must be as bright and pure as that of an angel. But, however, speak out, if you have any little matter on your conscience.’

“‘Padre,’ I answered, ‘I accuse myself of evil thoughts against my neighbour. I have wished harm to them and have hated them with all my heart.’

“‘If they are Germans, hate away, my daughter: they are not your neighbours.’

“‘But I wish evil to the blacks, and to the retrogrades, and to the priests, and to all those whom we call Jesuits.’

“‘Scruples, merely! The Jesuits are not your neighbours.’

“‘Padre, I have stolen a little; and I accuse myself of having taken possession of the Papal palaces: and I have taken away all the silver and gold I found there; and a great many objects of art, and gilt bronzes, and cameos: and I took all the wardrobes and linen; and, perhaps, I gave scandal by sending it to be sold at Malta, without having first picked out the Papal mark.’

“‘As to the Apostolic palaces, you need not have any scruples, my daughter. You are mistress now; and all belongs to you of right. As to those things that you took and sold, I dare say it was old rubbish that you need not think about.’

“‘Padre, I took away the bells of the churches, to make cannon of them. And I also took the chalices and church plate

from a great many churches: and I have broken open reliquaries for the sake of the metal, and have thrown about and scattered the relics, as I did at Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme.'

" 'As to the bells, my daughter, all those who live near will absolve you for having pulled them down, they made so much noise: and our country absolves you, because they were melted down into cannon for its defence. As for the church plate and chalices, you left, at least, one in every church, did you not?'

" 'Yes, Padre, all the brass and copper ones.'

" 'Padre,' I resumed, sighing in the character of the little penitent, 'Padre, I have to accuse myself of killing the minister Rossi in the parliament house: and of having been the cause of a good many assassinations about Ancona and elsewhere: and of some priests being killed at San Calisto.'

" 'But, my dear daughter,' replied the Jesuit, 'how can you repent of Rossi's

death! Would you repent of your own life? You came to life when Rossi died. The Don Pirlone newspaper told us so: ‘*mors tua vita mea*,’ it said; and that ‘from his tomb to your cradle was only a step.’ As for the other deaths, I will say a Requiem for them: though I doubt not it will be useless, and that they are already in hell for having hated you. They were only priests and policemen and judges: you need not have mentioned it.’

“‘I had a little scruple on the subject,’ I answered; and then continued: ‘On the 16th of last November, Padre, I was out shooting crows just for amusement, and I fired a few shots at the windows of the Quirinal Palace, that chanced to kill a Monsignore and to wound some Swiss guards. And a wicked thought came across me that I would shoot at the Pope if he showed himself.’

“‘You dismissed the thought from your mind at once, did you not?’

“‘No, Padre, I took a little pleasure in it: and I placed myself just behind the

statue of the horse, that I might take a good aim at him if he came on the balcony.'

" 'Oibo. That was a temptation of the devil, my daughter. You thought that you felt as you say. Most likely it is all fancy. But, however, I give you absolution ; and you may go away with a safe conscience, as you have never committed anything but venial sins. Keep yourself always as spotless as you now are.'

" 'Padre, I have forgotten something,' added Horace Enderby, laughing himself while the Agelthorpes laughed with him, as he continued to tell the imaginary confession : 'Padre, I have forgotten to accuse myself of swearing sometimes, and of writing over the palaces of some of the Roman princes—'National property ; property of the Republic.'

" 'Have not I told you before that you are a little innocent, and that everything belongs of right to you,' expostulated the supposed Confessor.

" 'Then, Padre, I am certain to gain the

plenary indulgence of the Jubilee. What penance do you give me ?

“ ‘ You will have a Te Deum sung at St. John Lateran’s.’

“ ‘ Father, they have no cope. I was rummaging over their wardrobes : and I do not think they have a single vestment left.’

“ ‘ You found a great deal of silver there, did you not, my daughter : particularly about the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul ?’

“ ‘ The rascally sacristans hid them away, Padre ; I have hunted for them for the last fortnight, even in the sewers, but I cannot get scent of them.’

“ ‘ Then have the Te Deum sung in St. Peter’s.’

“ ‘ Worse and worse, father ! Those retrograde canons are so obstinate, that they never will do anything for me : and if I only give them a hint that I would have a Te Deum sung, they will decamp and leave me all alone, as they have done before.’

“ ‘ We will come and perform it ourselves, daughter ; and you can impose a heavy fine upon them again, to punish their

obstinacy. In the meanwhile, depart in peace; and have all the churches and apartments prepared for the pilgrims. You will see what thousands will come to Rome to receive the benediction of Pope Mazzini.’”

The spirit with which Horace Enderby had given out the supposed dialogue between the imaginary penitent and confessor, was such that it had been several times greeted with loud laughter by the Agelthorpes; who, as Catholics, understood the burlesque. Its points would have been sufficiently apparent to whomsoever had lived in Rome and watched the history and the feelings of the times. Mary, indeed, who had enjoyed the scene more than any, looked fatigued and in bodily pain. In fact, inflammation had now set in above the muscles in which the bullet was embedded, and gave her great pain: although the surgeon prognosticated that it was occasioned by the pressure of the lead working its own way out. This he believed that it would very soon do, without the

necessity of any assistance on his part ; and it was pleasing to see the care and interest with which good Baroni attended his little English patient. Let this much be recorded in his favour : after the restoration, he met with harsh treatment for his surgical care of the wounded combatants ; but he is gone where the harshness can affect him no longer.

Horace Enderby, however, marked the tokens of fatigue and pain in her he loved, and sadly rose and took his leave. He requested the father to accompany him to an outer room ; and, having looked round with an air of anxiety, to make sure that they were not overheard, asked his advice in a matter of doubt that weighed upon him.

“ In my journey through Paris last winter,” he said, “ I chanced to meet frequently in society General Oudinot, Duc de Reggio. He is in Rome now.”

“ He will be in Rome, I trust, before very long, to put an end to this impossible government,” answered Middleton Agel-

thorpe. "But according to the last accounts, he is with his army at Villa Santucci, outside the walls."

"So all Rome and his own army think," replied the young man. "But I have twice come across him, yesterday and to-day, in Rome. He is roaming about the new fortifications and the hills in the disguise of a Roman peasant."*

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe. "You must be mistaken."

"That I certainly am not. I know his features too well, and have followed him to make sure of the fact. He is studying the capabilities of the city for defence, and spying out its weak points. Now, considering the frank manner in which the Roman government gave permission to M. de Lesseps, the diplomatist, to inspect everything, and to report upon what he saw, this conduct, on the part of a commander-in-chief, during a time of truce, towards those with whom he professes to wish to frater-

* A fact.

nize, appears to me inexpressibly base: and I would consult you whether I should not inform the Roman government that such a spy is amongst them, or send a hint, to the general himself, that he is known and had better decamp?"

"Do neither, Horace," replied Mr. Agelthorpe. "I think as you do of the conduct of the general; and we all think much alike of the professions and protestations by which he secured a landing at Civita Vecchia: but you wisely and conscientiously resolved not to take part in this war; and should, therefore, preserve your own neutrality. Had Casavecchia recognized the spy as you do, he, with his Italian principles, might have exposed him; but you have nothing to do with the matter. Let them settle it amicably, or fight it out amongst themselves."

They parted; and Middleton Agelthorpe returned to his daughter; while the young man hurried away, muttering to himself, "Casavecchia—Casavecchia—always Casavecchia is to be thrust forwards! What need was there to name him?"



CHAPTER VII.

Fair was her skin and flaxen was her hair :
Her red lips pouted like a wilful child :
Her blue eye flashed more meaning than you dare
Suppose it meant ; and, when she blandly smil'd,
She won you to her feet, and kept you there
Bewitch'd, delighted, worshipping, beguil'd.
And when a sterner mood shot o'er her face,
Though not quite pleased, you thought 'twas some new grace.

THE time of truce, and the whole of the following month of May, was spent by the Triumvirs in vain endeavours to secure the recognition by France of the Roman Republic, and by De Lesseps, in equally fruitless attempts to coax the Triumvirs to admit the French army within their walls without any such recognition or any guarantee for the future. Mazzini had no intention of voluntarily surrendering the almost sovereign power he wielded. Blinded

by egotism, pride, and fanatical republicanism, he would not consider the misfortunes his obstinacy must draw down upon the whole of Italy, so long as he could enjoy his mystic dream of the existence of a Roman Republic. He wrote clever letters shewing that he was not to be cajoled by French diplomacy, and made classic speeches, and kept his ground.

General Oudinot and his troops meanwhile made good their position around the gates of Rome, and only burned to avenge their first repulse. The Roman population complained of their nearer approach, and were more than ever indignant at the invasion of their territory. "You profess," they said, "that you come as brothers, and that you only wish to protect us, when your very presence compels us to keep our troops here to watch you, instead of sending them to the defence of Bologna and Ancona; and when you have seized in Civita Vecchia ten thousand muskets that we had purchased in France, for every one of which a volunteer is waiting to march against the

Austrians ; for, against them, we are all soldiers if we can get arms."

England was appealed to by an agent of the Roman government, but Lord Palmerston would give no hope of British support. "Make the most of the present time," he said ; "make the best terms you can to secure a constitutional government after the return of the Pope. Return he must and will. Europe will not permit a republic at Rome. Now is your time : if you lose it, the worse for you. Make the best terms you can with your sovereign and with France, and secure a parliamentary government for the future."

At Gaeta, the counsellors of the Pope, strong in the protection of Austria, could not, if they would, promise a constitutional government. Austria would not have permitted such in the provinces she already occupied ; and her armies were marching nearer and nearer to Rome, till General Oudinot sent their commander notice that he himself had undertaken the Siege of Rome, and needed no assistance ; and that,

if they came any nearer, there would be collision between the Austrian and the French troops.

Then De Lesseps, the diplomatist, was told that the murderers of Rossi had sharpened the same poniard against himself, and quite lost his head, and wrote contradictory letters to France; and eager to propitiate the Romans, covenanted that the French troops should go, for the unhealthy season, to the hills of Frascati and Albano, and live in brotherhood with them without entering Rome. "You are exceeding your own powers," wrote M. de Rayneval, the present ambassador at Rome, and one of the most clear-headed of French diplomatists; "and you are defying, not only the three powers who have declared war against the republic, but the papacy itself, which is far greater than them, and is so very important to the destinies of France. You are fraternizing with a government which began with an assassination, and you are driving the Pope to the exclusive protection of Austria."

“ I will never sign it ! ” cried General Oudinot, bounding from his bed in a rage, when the convention was brought to him at midnight. “ Are you a Frenchman, and dare to bring such conditions into a French camp ? To retire to the hills, would it not be to own that we are unable to take the city ? The honour of the army demands that our flags should wave from the tower of the Capitol. Wither my hand if ever I sign such a document ! Hola there ! order General Le Vaillant to seize upon Monte Mario to-morrow morning before break of day. I will never sign such a disgraceful convention.”

“ Then I will, general,” replied De Lesseps ; and he did so. Then, throwing one copy on the table in the tent, he said : “ You insult, in my person, the dignity of a French diplomatist, and you violate the rights of nations by attacking the city during a truce, and without giving notice that the negotiations are broken off.”

He left the tent ; and in the course of the morning, the French general cooled

down, and sent a letter to the Triumvirs, which stated that he held the agreement as null and void, and apologized for having taken Monte Mario that morning without notice. He kept that important position nevertheless.

On the 1st of June, De Lesseps was recalled to France, and the Duc de Reggio received an order from his government to enter Rome so soon as he could be certain that his attack would succeed. He immediately sent a declaration of war to Roselli, the commander-in-chief of the Roman army: and when the latter required fifteen days' notice before the commencement of hostilities, agreeably to the convention which De Lesseps had signed, the Frenchman replied that his orders were to enter Rome as soon as possible; but that, in order to give French citizens time to leave the city, he would delay his attack upon it until at least Monday morning. On the Sunday morning, at three o'clock, he began a furious assault upon the Villa Pamphili Doria and the heights just outside St. Pancras

Gate, and surprised the few hundred Roman soldiers who were sleeping, in full reliance upon his promise. The general declared that he had promised not to attack the place, the town, but that he had said nothing of the suburbs.

But he had not yet secured the villa Doria and the other high grounds near it. Garibaldi, who had just returned from his incursion into the Neapolitan territory, was ill in bed: but when the heights had been lost and recovered several times, and the battle had continued for some hours, he could lie quiet no longer, but started from his bed and galloped to the scene of action. His own peculiar followers cheered him loudly as he rode up, and dashed with him, now here and now there, wherever the fight was hottest or the Romans were giving way, without other plan or design than the promptings of their own wild bravery. Disorganized by their very courage and by their wild anger, the Romans, also, formed themselves into small companies and rushed, without concert, upon the disciplined troops of France.

Garibaldi's own guerilla habits of fighting were worse than useless against such adversaries. Twenty, fifty, or thirty at a time, they rushed upon the French with the bayonet, and were driven back by their serried ranks. Casavecchia's habits of a disciplined army made him too clearly aware that such partial attacks must be without result: yet he could not sit his horse idle and see the others fall, while he might be reproached with saving himself. He heard Garibaldi order forty of his lancers to take muskets and ride against the villa Corsini: he joined himself to the wild troop; and, setting spurs to their horses, they rode, full tilt, along the gravel walk through the garden: the French turned and fled before them: they followed and dashed up the broad flight of steps; and only pulled rein in the entrance-hall of the stately villa. But what availed such a display of rashness? They were unsupported in the position they had conquered; and, out of the forty, only ten returned alive with Casavecchia.

The battle lasted all that day. Three times, the Romans recovered the villas and the heights; and three times they were again driven from them: and, at nightfall, the French troops remained in undisputed possession of all the positions they had surprised in the morning.

While the battle was thus raging on the heights, the French attacked the Ponte Molle, which the Romans had imperfectly destroyed, and repaired and fortified it; leading over artillery which might attack the city from the side of the Porta del Popolo and the villa Borghese. At the same time, they cast a bridge of boats over the Tiber, below the city and near the Monte Testaccio; and, having secured all these positions in the course of the day, they began the siege in due form on the following morning, the 4th of June.

The French army had been reinforced, and, at this time, amounted to thirty-five thousand men, with sixty pieces of cannon. The Roman army consisted of nineteen thousand men only, including all those who

had come in from the provinces. Of these, about fourteen thousand were volunteers and national guards—including seven thousand Romans, who, that very day, had taken up arms; so indignant were the people at the treacherous attack on Monte Mario and the villa Pamphili Doria and the neighbouring heights. Amongst the whole number, three hundred and fifty only were not Italians: and amongst the Italians, all but about eight hundred were subjects of the Papal States. Verily, Italy should not boast of its twenty-five millions; the Roman States should not boast of their three millions of inhabitants, if no more than these will rally for the defence of their country! We would, indeed, believe that they held back out of contempt to the pretended Roman Republic, or out of reverence for the temporal sovereignty of Pio Nono, had an army of Italians gathered for the defence of Venice, which still struggled to uphold the national standard, and whose cause Pio Nono himself had once declared to be just. But Venice was

no better cared for than Rome: and the twenty-five millions of Italians were spouting Filicaja's sonnet against foreign invaders, and talking heroics and twirling their moustaches.

However; here were twelve thousand regulars and about fourteen thousand ill-armed volunteers preparing to defend the old walls of old Rome against thirty-five thousand of the best troops of France. They mustered about one hundred little pieces of cannon; and they managed to cast five larger ones out of the bell-metal from the churches. Ammunition was very scarce: but the people were in spirits, and worked hard at the fortifications, and in preparing fascines, and in putting up barricades in the streets; and the French artillery played upon the walls and fell upon the houses; and, after two days trial of it, Cernuschi, the head commissioner of barricades, put forth the following proclamation:—"People; to-day, we had a battle of cannons—the least bloody of any. Musket-bullets hit men: cannon-balls and

bombs hit walls and houses. They very seldom kill. To-day, we had not one slain. Even fires very seldom spread. Our clever fire-brigade well knows how to check them.

“ Therefore, courage, coolness, and GOOD HUMOUR. The Roman Republic and all Italy are at stake. Those who have rifles would do well to go to Montorio: from thence, they can take aim at the hostile cannoneers when they level their pieces.

“ People: we speak from our heart and with republican frankness. Keep up Roman courage in your women. The government will find princely lodgings for them, if their own houses are in danger from the cannonading. To-morrow, it will be stronger still. Let them come on to the assault of the barricades. There they will learn to know the Roman people.

“ 5th June, 1849. CERNUSCHI.”

But there was another, the usual method, of maintaining the “good humour” of the Romans, which Cernuschi so much recommended; and this method Mazzini

would, on no account, forego. The festival of Corpus Christi fell on the 7th of June: and he insisted that it should be kept with all customary ceremonial and triumphant religious procession. It was curious how this man, whose every speech and writing showed that he believed only in a strange mystic Deism, composed of the divinity and of the people—a sort of duality in unity, of which he himself was the representative and the high priest—it was, we say, curious how this man delighted in services which sprang from the doctrines of revelation, and played his part in them as if he were celebrating some rite of his own mystic faith! Yet so it was: and at the head of the Roman republican government, he took part in the pious celebration of the day, and in the processions which followed. Great was the concourse, great the applause at St. Peter's; and the ignorant Roman rabble were still convinced of the piety of the republic; while the many poor creatures who had been removed from their wretched habitations as they crumbled be-

neath the artillery of the besieging army, and temporarily lodged in the deserted palaces of the Roman princes and of the court, roamed through the splendid apartments, and blessed the republic and the siege that had brought to them so blissful a change.

For it cannot be denied that the cannon did unnecessarily play upon the town: and though the engineers were instructed to avoid the great monuments of ancient and modern times, at the destruction of which the civilized world would have shuddered, they were not withheld from doing all the damage they could to the city and to private residences. The assailants probably thought to terrify the population, and to make them rise against their government. The murderous severity had the contrary effect, as it always will have with Italians, whose anger rises the more they see their own blood flow. The people only worked the harder at the fortifications; while partial outbreaks, at every new suffering, declared their animosity to the clergy, in whose name the French were assaulting them.

The fighting, the works in the trenches, and the attempts to impede and destroy them, still went on. Deeds of bravery were gallantly performed by the Romans; but, indisciplined and few in number, they could do little against the skilled engineers and the preponderating strength of the French. On the 12th of June, General Oudinot summoned them to surrender; and threatened the utmost severity unless they immediately opened their gates. The Triumvirs replied that the fifteen days prior to which, according to the convention signed by De Lesseps, hostilities should not be renewed, had not yet expired; and taxed the general with having secured his advantages by the treachery and bad faith he had shown from the beginning. "Your own deserters," they said, "tell us that they feel as if they were fighting against brothers; but your cannon thunder against our walls, your shells fall in our streets. This last night, France had the glory of slaying a poor girl of Trastevere, as she slept beside her sister."

On the following Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Agelthorpe had walked to church for greater security with their landlord, the Prince of Teano, who, at the head of the fire-brigade he commanded, followed their own band of music to the municipal church of Rome, that of Ara-cœli. It was a gay gathering always in the court of the Sermonea Palace, when the firemen, in their trim blue and scarlet uniforms, with bright caps and brass helmets and heavy swords, with edges indented, so that in case of need they might be used as saws, met on Sunday morning, and marched forth to the sound of their own music. Their chaplain cared not to shew himself unprotected at this time in the streets of Rome, and walked in the midst of the firemen. The procession was now, also, more than usually gay on account of the many gentry of Rome who had enrolled themselves in the brigade, that they might escape military service at the walls; for, as Don Pasquino said, "It was a very disagreeable war, in which one was liable to be killed." Horace Enderby marched

with the corps, which he had joined, as we have seen, from other motives; and perhaps it was the knowledge that he and so many others of the family would be absent, that led Casavecchia to select this hour for a visit to the first floor of Palazzo Sermoneta.

“ Monsu e Madama are gone to mass with the firemen,” answered Tommaso, as he opened the door.

“ But the signorina is at home,” said Casavecchia, as he slipped a piece of silver into the willing hand of Tommaso. “ Let me announce myself,” he added: and he walked on through the well-known parlours and ball-room and green drawing-room, and opened the door of the yellow-room, in which the family usually sat. Mary Agelthorpe was on her knees, praying out of an English missal. She rose as she saw the Marquis; and although her fair face flushed somewhat, she held out her little hand to him with smiling frankness.

“ Papa and mama are gone to church with the fire-brigade,” she said. “ You wicked man, you ought to be there also !”

“Forgive me,” he replied: “I went to an earlier service. Forgive me; and yet, before I ask you to forgive me this intrusion, let me express my heartfelt joy to see you on foot again, and free of that weary couch.”

“Oh, I am all well now,” she answered. “The little bullet came out of itself at last; and here it is.” She handed him the little bit of lead from a porphyry vase on the mantle-shelf. He looked at it, and pressed it to his lips. Mary blushed crimson.

“I must now, then,” he added, with emotion, as he led her back to the sofa against which she had been kneeling, and seated himself beside her—“I must now beg pardon for that little show of gratitude to the poor bit of lead, since, I fear it displeases you, as well as for the intrusion of my visit at this time. But, dear lady—dear Maria, I must tell you what I have longed to tell you for months. I know not if I am right. I know not if I am outraging your English usages. Forgive me if I am. I do know that I am acting contrary to those of

Italy. Dear Signorina, there was a time when I thought no man of spirit could himself say what I am come here now to say: when I thought that he should speak through his friend or his lawyer, and save himself the shame of a possible refusal. But my feelings are changed since that time. I dare not intrust to another a mission which may secure the happiness or the misery of my future life. How could I expect that another would plead successfully for me, when I can scarcely find words to express my own feelings?"

"But, Signor Marchese!" interrupted Mary Agelthorpe, looking up into the fine expressive features of the Piemontese and pitying the anxiety which they expressed.

"Permit me, dear Signorina," pursued Casavecchia—"permit me to continue to assure you that my unusual conduct in addressing you personally, is caused only by deep sentiment, and not by any want of respect. Before I rejoined the army of Piemont, I had resolved that, on my return, some friend should speak for me and ask for me

of your parents the honour of your hand. I found you on a couch of suffering, and could not intrude my proposals. But I visited at the house and I watched you there; and the love that I had first felt, and that I thought could not be increased, told me that I must do mine own errand myself. Yes, dear Maria, why should I be ashamed to say that I love you? I glory—I feel pride in the sentiment. I do love as, I think, an Italian heart alone can love: and I ask to be permitted to consecrate to you my life, that I may prove how lasting is my devotion.”

He would have taken her hand as he spoke, to raise it to his lips; but Mary gently withdrew it.

“I wish you had followed the Italian plan,” she said; “it would have saved me the pain of speaking to you that which will distress you.”

“And is it to be even so?” ejaculated Casavecchia, bending his forehead over his hand. “Do not, dearest Signorina, think that I am a Roman and am seeking a

foreign bride for the sake of fortune or fashion. In Piemont, we have no such fashion: and I know not and care not what your dower may be. Had I sent a lawyer or my friend Abbé Rodat to speak to Signor Agelthorpe, he would have told you that my family is wealthy and of the first in Piemont; that my father, the Duca della Superga, whose only son I am, would welcome you with open arms, and would bless you for having made my happiness. Oh, perhaps I had better have sent another!" he exclaimed, striking his forehead with his hand: "but I will not do you the injustice of supposing that you can be swayed by such merely interested motives as agents would have invoked. I seek you for yourself alone. I speak from my heart; and I had hoped that your heart might respond to mine."

"Believe me, Marchese," replied Mary, who had now collected her thoughts and could speak with calmness, although she showed much feeling—"believe me, that I should not need the temporal inducements

you mention, if I thought that what you propose could secure the happiness of us both. I esteem and I honour you ;—nay, I will say that I admire you :—I admire your fine character—your enthusiastic feelings for Italy—”

“ Then, wherefore—wherefore will you hesitate ?” asked the young man, with a bright look of hope.

“ Because,” added Mary softly, “ because you are an Italian. I do not reproach you with it,” she added in kindest tones of voice, as he started to his feet, and stood trembling before her. “ I love Italy, as you know : I admire the genius, the talent of Italians : I speak their language : their religion is mine : and I should not have to change mine, as poor Caroline was compelled to do, in order that her Scotch marriage might be recognized and repeated by the Pope ; but I know so much of Italy and of the habits of Italians, that I fear their ways and ours are too dissimilar to produce domestic union and happiness. Therefore, my friend,” she added, smiling, “ let me

advise you not to think of an English wife : you would never be happy together."

"I think of no wife henceforth," replied Casavecchia slowly and sadly. "That dream is passed. Now, then, to the walls! and let life itself, which has, hitherto, been a dream of love for my country and for you, let that life itself, also, pass away."

He was turning abruptly from the room, when she rose and stopped him.

"You would not cast away your life?" she asked sternly, as she took hold of his arm to stay him.

"Wherefore not?" he replied slowly, and with the look of one stupified.

"Wherefore not?" she answered boldly : "because your God forbids it: because your country will yet need you. Do not think that all will be over when Rome is taken, and the old government is restored. Then the work of regeneration for Italy must begin again: slowly but surely will moderation and firmness, and the known convictions of those whom Italy honours, as she honours you, work their way to the

councils of princes, and compel them to bend to public opinion. Save your life for your country, if not for yourself. You are too noble and too high-minded to defraud your own soul and your country, because a wilful girl does not know how to appreciate you."

He raised her hand to his lips, and bowed respectfully over it. Then, while a single tear fell upon those trembling fingers, he murmured, "It shall be as you say," and turned to leave the room.

As he opened the door into the green drawing-room, Mr. and Mrs. Agelthorpe, returning from church, also entered it by the opposite door. They exclaimed in surprise at seeing the Piemontese, who was not over-delighted at the meeting, and were coming forwards to greet him, when a tremendous noise burst over head, and, rattling down behind the arras, shook the floor on which they stood. Mary came out alarmed from the yellow drawing-room: and Horace Enderby with the Prince of Teano, both in uniform as they had come from church,

rushed into the room. "What can it be?" exclaimed every one; while the servants ran together, and poor Rosina began to shriek hysterically, as she thought of the fate of her three brothers. The Principe di Teano, the landlord, crossed his arms, and putting one hand to his forehead, partly in an attitude of thought and partly to shade his weak eyes, rested the elbow in the palm of the other hand. He pondered for a few minutes: and then began to sound the wall behind the green satin arras with the hilt of his heavy fireman's sword.

"I have it!" he exclaimed at length. "There must be the flue of a chimney, inside that wall, that passes from the bottom to the top of the palace, though we knew it not. And now a French cannon-ball has found it out, and tells us of the discovery it has made by tumbling down and shaking every floor as it passes. It is strange; and stranger still, that I did not know there was a flue there!"

This incident had completely called off the attention of every one from Casavecchia

and Mary, and was most acceptable to them, as it prevented any notice being taken of the agitation of either. Casavecchia quietly took his leave—shunning even the society of Horace Enderby, who would have joined him: and when the Prince of Teano returned to his firemen, Mary hastened to tell her parents what had passed between her and the Piemontese. They were sorry for her determination; for they liked Casavecchia: and it would have been a splendid alliance for their daughter: but they would not bias her judgment.

When we last saw the green parlour of the Palazzo Sermoneta, a good fire burned in a handsome fire-place in the room, and proved that the hint given by the French cannon-ball had not been lost upon the ingenious proprietor.

CHAPTER IX.

Thought bears him back to all he once designed—
To fond, enthusiast hopes for ever gone—
Those glorious dreams for which he once had pin'd—
Ambitious visions, scatter'd one by one !
What veil'd those proud, aspiring energies ?
He sees his fate—

MAZZINI had been encouraged to reject so reproachfully the French commander's summons to surrender, by the expectation of a revolutionary movement in France which should hoist his own friends to power. The conspiracy failed. The government of the President of the French Republic was more firmly established than ever ; and the hopes of Mazzini and of his followers were at an end. In vain, he talked classic rhodomontade ; in vain, the government decreed funereal honours to those who were slain on the walls ; in vain, orations,

more suited to a pagan apotheosis than to a Christian burial, were uttered above their remains. Rome knew that the expectation had failed; and, sad and disheartened, the combatants went about their work. Not a day or a night passed without a skirmish being fought, without deeds of bravery being done: but hope no longer animated the indisciplined masses; and often, at peep of day, so soon as the churches were opened, fully equipped volunteers were seen to enter them, and, resting their muskets in the corners of the confessionals, kneel down and seek pardon of their sins before they rushed to the unequal combat which they expected to be their last.

Marchese Casavecchia and several other young men had been so employed in the church of the Oratorians a few days after the doors of that magnificent building had been consumed by fire, and the church and monastery broken into at midnight and sacked by Ciceruacchio and an infuriated rabble. Casavecchia had been disappointed in his fondest hope; but he had listened

to the appeal which the high-spirited girl had made to him in the name of his country, and he would not cast away his life. Sadly he would do his military duty to the city to which he had offered himself, so long as the commanders thought fit to keep up the defence ; but he saw that the cause of Italian freedom was not to be won in Rome, and that the faction of Mazzini and of his dupes could only retard it. With these thoughts, he was now riding slowly into the great square of the Piazza Navona on his way to his usual station at the walls, when a troop of Garibaldians dashed before him ; and, brandishing their long spears, collected all the able-bodied of the peasantry who stood about the market-stalls, as though they had been wild buffaloes from the Pontine marshes. With oaths and even blows, they ordered them to the walls to fight for their country. The countrymen resisted, and they drove them thither at the point of the spear. Less demonstrative violence, but threats far more dangerous, compelled many a man, of the

upper classes, to bring forth musket or rifle, and join in the defence. The commissioner of the barricades, however, declared that the military ardour of the people was so great that he was having iron-headed pikes made with which to arm the mob. Of iron, he said that he had plenty ; but he called upon all to bring in staves, or anything that could be worked into staves. Nor was Cernuschi's statement too highly coloured : hatred of the foreigner was growing deeper and deeper in the Romans ; and although the contadini from the market-place and the great gentry of the town might be unwilling to fight, the people and the middle classes laboured, as ever, at the defences ; and none of those who had once taken up arms, laid them down, however much they might despair of ultimate success.

There had been dissension in the camp the day before, and it was now widely spreading in the city. The headlong courage of Garibaldi had ever thwarted the plans of the Roman commander-in-chief :

but that very rashness made him the favourite of the populace and of the army. Commanded to defend a particular portion of the walls, he had chosen to fancy that he could do more service elsewhere: and, on the night of the 21st of June, the French had found the position entrusted to him undefended, and had taken possession of it. They were now, therefore, on the outer circuit of the fortifications: and while, at the summons of the *Triumvirs*, the people almost rose en masse, in the hope of recovering it, and while Garibaldi himself rushed here and there and broke down, in the wild advance of his followers, the inner works which General Roselli was endeavouring to raise and fortify behind the outer circuit,—Sterbini left his church robberies and decorations and hurried from troop to troop; declaring that Garibaldi was the only man to save Rome, and that the supreme command of the army and the dictatorship of the Republic ought to be given up to him. The troops were excited and divided into factions by his harangues;

and he was now declaiming to a mob at Ponte Sisto, calumniating Roselli, and exciting their passions to intestine war for the advancement of Garibaldi.

“Scoundrel!” exclaimed Marchese Casavecchia, as, on his ride towards the bridge, he gathered sentences of his harangue: “scoundrel, traitor to the cause of Italy! carry thy accusations to the tribunals and to the government, if thou hast any to make; but do not seek to arm citizen against citizen in this thy country’s extremest need.”

“I repeat, citizens, brethren, that Roselli is a traitor—” continued Sterbini.

“Traitor thou!” exclaimed Casavecchia, and, drawing a pistol from his holsters, he rode close up to him. “Off, this instant,” he continued, “or, by heaven, I will slay thee on the spot!” and he placed the muzzle of the pistol against Sterbini’s chest.

Sterbini swayed his body aside; set spurs to his horse, and galloped out of sight. Casavecchia said a few words to the multitude to turn the laugh against the fugitive:

and Rome escaped the danger he had almost brought upon her. The question was, indeed, debated in the Assembly, at a secret sitting of the house: but it was rejected by a large majority; and Sterbini's last ambitious designs were frustrated.

Within the walls, near St. Pancras Gate—for the French now held the wall itself—our Piemontese friend found the battle fiercely raging. The French had been able to secure their position during the disorganization of the army, occasioned by Sterbini's harangues; but, in the inner fortifications, the Romans fought with the madness of despair and the ferocity of revenge. A Pole who had served with the French in Africa, and had there won the cross of the Legion of Honour for his good conduct, and now bore it proudly on his breast, was wounded in the head as he rushed forwards with a party of volunteers. “Lower down, traitors! lower down!” he cried in French. “Fire at the cross of your legion which you dishonour!” Scores of wounded Romans in the hospitals, who had there heard of the

impending danger, crawled back to the scene of conflict to spend their remaining strength in the defence of their cause. Foremost in the fight, they shewed the others how to brave death, or pointed out, with more experience, where the works should be strengthened, or a threatened attack resisted. A wounded Lombard had returned with the others, and, unable to stand, sat on the parapet of a house with that unerring rifle, which he had brought up from his bedside. Again and again he fired; and although wounded himself by the French who observed his murderous aim, he would not leave his exposed position, but continued to pick off the advancing foes, until a last shot toppled him and his trusty rifle into the street below.

In the Casino Barberini, in the Vascello Palace, in the Villa Corsini, small bodies of Romans still held their ground; although the buildings were riddled with the hostile shot, and were falling, one by one, and burying the defenders in their ruins. Casavecchia made his way towards the Villa

Savorelli, where Garibaldi himself had taken up his quarters, as being the most exposed. He had almost reached it, when he observed it totter under the continued artillery of the French. There was a sudden rush, of those who occupied it, from the doors and from the lower windows: a few minutes afterwards, the whole building came down with a tremendous crash: the cannon balls, aimed at its walls, sped onwards, uninterrupted and harmless, overhead. The cloud of dust from the crushed walls cleared away, and Casavecchia saw beside him Garibaldi, leading and hurrying forwards his Anita, who had been staying with him in the villa.

“O, Marchese,” he said, “well met. Of your kindness, let me pray you to protect Anita to the church of San Pietro in Montorio,” where were the head-quarters of his cavalry: “It will not delay you half an hour; but, in that time, something fatal might happen here, and I dare not leave the fight. Anita, love,” he added, embracing her, “may heaven protect thee. Take a

horse at San Pietro, and make one of our fellows escort thee back to Palazzo Doria. I will see thee when this fray is over."

He sped back to the thickest of the battle ; and Casavecchia, making his own servant dismount, placed Anita upon his horse, with somewhat more haste than politeness,—for he did not like being withdrawn, even for half-an-hour, from the fortifications,—and requested her to accompany him, as quickly as she could, to the quarters which Garibaldi had mentioned.

How beautiful, how magnificent was the prospect that opened before them, as they rode upon that glorious platform in front of San Pietro in Montorio ! The whole of Rome, parted by the winding Tiber, and diversified by its seven hills and its hundred towers and domes, almost as lofty as the hills, lay spread out at their feet. The bright sun of June bathed all in a golden blaze of light : save where great masses of building, like the Farnese Palace or the Capitol, or the Castle of St. Angelo, cast heavy shadows on the western streets. Over

the bridges, and onwards amid the houses and the hills and the sacred mountains and the palaces and the Christian temples and the aspiring obelisks—onwards spread the city of cities, until it clomb the opposite sides of the Quirinal and the Pincian, crowned with the deserted palace of the Popes, with the ruins of Dioclesian's thermæ, and with the stately steps and pile of the Church of the Trinity. The whole world cannot offer another prospect comparable to this in historic interest—that were, indeed, impossible—nor even in picturesque beauty. And while the sun shone resplendently overhead, and the air seemed filled with bright corruscations of light, and while the waters of the splendid Paulina Fountain, the supply of which the French had cut off, lay close at hand, but dead and reeking in that wide basin, over which, once so bright and sparkling with wavelets, myriads of flies now brooded—while all nature below, around, in front, was so bathed in tranquil beauty, the French artillery was thundering behind and overhead, and was replied to by

the musketry and the wild cries of the Roman combatants. Such a contest proved, indeed, that Rome was an arena where nations and people still battled for influences which extended over the whole earth.

“What a glorious prospect!” exclaimed Casavecchia, as he paused a few moments, and his soul drank in the scenery we have vainly endeavoured to describe. “What a throne for religion on the one side and for temporal policy on the other, could they but learn to sit hand in hand, and united under one head, to follow out their separate missions!”

He had scarcely spoken, when a ball from the French artillery struck against the steeple of the church behind him, and glancing off from the stonework, hit him on his side, and drove him forwards to the edge of the platform. Anita Garibaldi rushed up at once, and kneeled over him where he was thrown.

“Mary!—It is not of my seeking:—but I knew it would come,” he murmured, as he closed his eyes.

Anita saw, at a glance, that greater assistance than she could give was needed, and called for help to the troopers about. They all knew well and loved the wife of their leader : and, under her direction, a carriage was immediately procured, and the wounded man was laid in it, as much at his length as possible ; while she took her seat beside him. Slowly and carefully, she bade them drive to the hospital di Trinità de' Pellegrini, which had been prepared for the wounded of Trastevere. The interest of Garibaldi's wife procured a quiet cell for the wounded officer. And the surgeons quickly undressed and attended him. He recovered consciousness under their hands : but it was, at once, evident that his case was beyond their skill. He told his servant, who was beside him, to fetch Abbé Rodat, instantly.

The hospital swarmed with female nurses, many of whom, gaily dressed with flowers in their hair, sleeves tucked high above their elbows, and open kerchiefs in front, on account, they said, of the heat of the

weather, hurried from the beds where they hung over the youngest and best-looking of the wounded men; and, one after the other, came to the room in which Casavecchia lay. He turned from them with a look of disgust; while Anita rose from her place beside his bed and dismissed them, with the assurance that she had herself undertaken to be his nurse. Padre Gavazzi, in his cassock, on the breast of which a great red cross was sewn, also came from the dormitories, where he was lording it over the whole establishment and majestically issuing his directions to the pretty nurses and to the doctors,—Padre Gavazzi, who was strutting about with the cap of a civic guardsman set jauntily awry on the top of his long flowing curls, and who administered spiritual counsel and consolation to the dying, while the nurses kissed their souls to heaven, came into the room where Casavecchia lay, and gallantly bade him to be of good cheer.

“Never care for confessing your sins,” he said, as he placed his hand upon the

dying man's head: "you are a true-hearted Italian, and I give you absolution at once. Arise, then, faithful soul. Your belief in the independence of Italy will suffice at the judgment seat. The blood which you have shed on the classic soil of Rome, will fructify into eternal life, like the blood of Abel. If you cannot speak, say, at least, with your heart, 'Viva Italia', and you will be more acceptable than St. Stephen or St. Lawrence. They died for the faith:—you die for the faith and for our country. Depart, then, noble soul. Rise up to heaven; and, from thence, rain down such valour into all Italian men, that they may be able to drive the barbarians from the sacred soil of Italy."

Casavecchia turned his head aside, with a look of ineffable loathing; but only murmured the words "Abbé Rodat". At that moment, the door opened and the French priest presented himself.

"Who are you?" asked Gavazzi sternly.

"The wounded man has sent for me," replied the Abbé.

“The wounded man! No one comes here without my permission. It is I who have supreme jurisdiction over the wounded. And besides,” added Gavazzi, “how dare you come in your tunic? Go and put on a secular dress.”

Anita Garibaldi here interposed; and, explaining to Father Gavazzi who she herself was, threatened him with the full anger of her husband unless he instantly left the wounded man to the ministrations of the priest he had sent for. Gavazzi stammered some objection: but the little Amazon had contended with more dangerous foes than him. She blustered in the name of her husband as well as in her own; and finally led forth the degraded monk. Then, seating herself on a chair outside the door, she watched there to prevent any further intrusion.

Half an hour afterwards, the Abbé came out. “It is all over,” he said.

“Madonna Santissima!” exclaimed Anita, placing her kerchief to her eyes.

“I was just in time to hear his confes-

sion, and to do mine office. Poor youth! poor youth! He bad me tell a certain Maria that he had not sought his fate; but that he was happy since he could not live for her. Know you whom he meant?"

"Yes—yes; I will give the message," answered Anita; and sobbing more than she had done before, while she bade the servant of the dead man see his body conveyed to his own home, she asked the Abbé to give her a place in the carriage in which he had come, and sadly drove from the hospital to her husband's quarters in the Palazzo Doria.*

* It seems too true that the language and conduct of Gavazzi, and the administration of his hospital, was such as we have described.

CHAPTER X.

The heavy air is silent : not a breath
Of thunder moans : the ruddy heavens on fire
With lurid billows shadow all beneath.
And oft as ruled by fiercer, deadlier ire,
The lightnings 'mid the heavy clouds unsheath
White molten forked flashes that expire,
In threatening sparks, on the wide street below,
While town, hills, clouds start out in sudden glow.

MEANWHILE Rome, and, after Rome, all Europe, was startled by the report that a round shot from the French artillery on the Janiculum had passed over the city, and shattered Guido's celebrated Aurora, painted on the ceiling of the Rospigliosi Casino on the Quirinal. Horace Enderby had leapt upon his English hunter, which was always kept ready saddled in the stables of the Sermoneta Palace, and had spurred on before the firemen to see whether assistance were needed, and what damage might be

done. The world was saved the loss of the most poetical composition of the first of Italian painters. A shot had, in truth, passed through the sculptured group, so often mentioned, in front of the papal palace, and had shattered the roof of the Casino: but the painted ceiling remained, uninjured, in all its beauty.

The firemen had come up; and, hearing that their assistance was not needed, had returned to their quarters; while the Englishman lingered in the flowery parterre of the Casino, securing from the old gardener a few choice flowers for her he loved, and admiring the splendid prospect of Rome beneath his feet,—where it filled the valley of the Tiber, and climbed up the Vatican and Janiculum hills,—at the very moment when poor Casavecchia, on the platform of that same Janiculum, was admiring Rome from the opposite side. We know not that any palace in Rome is more beautiful than that of Rospigliosi: and worthily and nobly do its proprietors fill their preeminent station. We will not say for how many years

we have loved this spot; we will not say how many years have glided by since we first mounted horse in the wide court of this palace, and took our first lessons in equitation and manège in the cavalry school of the Pope's guard, then commanded by the handsome Prince Rospigliosi. The imagination of Horace Enderby was leading him as far forwards, as memory is now wooing us back on the road of life: and he lingered and lingered amid the blossom-covered orange trees and alleys of the parterre. Then, remounting his horse, rode slowly down the steep descent of Magnanapoli.

He had not proceeded far, when he came upon a rabble crowd jostling a priest, whom they had dragged from a neighbouring house, and whom, in slippers and without hat, as they had found him, they were urging along.

“ Kill the dog! Disembowel him!” they bellowed, as they went, in the choice phraseology of the Roman populace: then, suddenly changing from the plan that

would have led him to prison. "Halt!" they cried: "Halt! kneel down, at once, and let us make an end of it."

The mob drew off in lines, on each side of the street; while three or four who had muskets, walked back and levelled them to shoot the captive where he knelt. At this moment, Horace Enderby rode up. He saw what they were about, and, drawing his fireman's sword, thrust his horse amid the marksmen, while he shouted, "Hold! hold! Citizens are not to be slaughtered without trial! To the Triumvirs with him, if you have aught against him."

"But he is a priest!" "What need of a trial?" exclaimed the populace.

"Priest though he be, he shall go to the Triumvirs," replied Enderby, who well knew that he had no other chance of saving his life. He bade the poor man arise, and walk by the side of his horse; while the rabble enclosed them before and behind. Fortunately, they knew not that the young man was an Englishman, so well did he speak their language: and the uni-

form of the firemen, which he wore, was always respected.

Hooting and swearing, the rabble rolled around, till they reached the Palace of the Consulta, between the Rospigliosi and the Papal palaces. Here the deputies now held their sittings: and the sentinels kept back the rabble while the Englishman led the prisoner into an ante-room and gave him a chair. The clergyman sat in the ante-room, and the deputies entered and went out, and looked at him askant or triumphantly or angrily; but no one spoke to him. Mazzini came out from the Hall of Assembly, and began to pace up and down the room, in deep thought. His moustache and black tufted beard concealed much of his face; but his fine forehead rose high and bare; and his bushy eyebrows, bent over his full sleepy eyes, wore not yet the ominous expression of one who was to approve partial risings or tumultuary assassination. His hands were crossed behind his back, and his head was bent upon his chest. That was, indeed, a time

requiring the deepest meditation in a ruler of Rome ;—in a friend of Italy. The Triumvir did not seem equal to the occasion : and, slowly and thoughtfully as he strode backwards and forwards, his eyes fell, with an expression of compassion, on the poor captive. But his mind was preoccupied ; and he scarcely saw him on whom he looked.

Horace Enderby went up to the anxious dictator ; and, saying that he himself was an Englishman, in order that he might so secure more attention, mentioned how he had found and rescued the priest.

“ If there be any charge against him,” replied Mazzini, “ let them take him to prison to await his trial ;” and he told one of the guards to lead him away.

The prisoner was led off ; but when the guards had got him in the great square of Monte Cavallo, they began to grumble at the trouble of taking him all the way to the prison, which was on the other side of the town, near St. Peter’s, and declared that, since he was sure to be executed at last, he

might as well die then. The populace, who lingered outside, approved the proposal, and a ring was again made around the poor priest, who knelt down, and offered his soul to his Maker, while the Civic Guard fell back to take aim. The appeals of Horace Enderby were slighted: but a well-known deputy going to the House, and wearing his grand tricolor sash, chanced to come by, and again saved the clergyman by grandiloquent phrases, to the effect that the Republic did not assassinate its citizens;—that guilty, it condemned—innocent, it protected them. Once more, he was led back to a room in the Consulta Palace, and detained there until nightfall, when he was safely conveyed in the dark to await, in the dungeon of the distant prison, his trial for being a priest of the religion of the government and of the people.

Horace Enderby rode back towards the Palazzo Sermoneta; but as he passed the gate of the Doria Palace in the Piazza di Venezia, the open hackney carriage, in which was Anita Garibaldi, was just turn-

ing into the yard, and she signed to him to follow her. He did so; and leaning from his saddle, heard from her the sad tale of the death which she had just witnessed in the hospital of the Trinità dei Pellegrini. The poor young woman was much moved as she told how all had chanced; and Enderby sought not to conceal his own distress at the loss of a friend he so truly prized, and who had been his own companion in arms. Anita requested him to convey the news to the English family in Palazzo Sermoneta; and charged him with that last message to Mary which she had received from the priest who had attended his death-bed. Horace Enderby, stupified by his exertions to save the poor clergyman whom he had left in the Consulta Palace, and by what he had just heard of the death of his friend, hardly understood the purport of the message; but the woman-wit of Anita Garibaldi explained to him that it could have only one meaning—namely, that the Piemontese had wished to marry Mary, and that the latter had refused his suit.

Then, indeed, a ray of satisfaction broke in upon the Englishman's sorrow: it was sweet to think that an union between the two had been prevented by Mary's refusal, rather than by the death of his rival. He pressed the hand of Signora Garibaldi, and hastened to fulfil the sad commission she had given him.

He found the door of the Agelthorpe apartment open, and, as an old friend, passed without meeting a servant through the rooms. Even the loved yellow drawing-room was untenanted; and he went through two more that led to the well-known dining-room. We have already described this room as uniting two sides of the court of the palace, and having two windows to the north and three on its southern side. At the centre one of these last, Mary Agelthorpe was seated, enjoying the air which, although heated, came through the closed Venetian blinds; and listening to the roar of the French artillery which thundered on the hills beyond Tiber in front. She smiled brightly as she rose to welcome Horace

Enderby ; though the colour left her cheek as she marked the serious air with which he retained the hand she had given him, and with which he led her back to her chair in the window, and seated himself on the one beside it.

“What is the matter, Mr. Enderby, for heaven’s sake ?” she asked.

“That which it grieves me much to tell, though I never thought to have told it with so little pain. Our poor friend, Casavecchia——”

“Is slain !” interrupted Mary. “Oh, how could he be so wicked !”

“Nay ; his last words were a message to you which may exonerate him from what you fear,” answered Enderby. “You were to be told ‘that he had not sought his fate, but that he was happy in it, since he could not live for you.’”

“Noble young man !” exclaimed Mary. “I thought I could depend upon his word !” She placed her handkerchief to her eyes for a moment, and then asked how his death had happened. Horace Enderby

repeated all that he had learned from Anita Garibaldi; and Mary remarked, with satisfaction, that it was evident he had not been into battle since he spoke with her, and that he had not struck a blow that day. For some while, the two spoke sadly of the event; and sympathised in expressing their regret and admiration of the friend they had lost.

“But what was it he spoke with you about yesterday?” Horace Enderby at length asked, with something of a smile. “A mystery seems to attach to that conversation. What was it about?”

Mary blushed deeply, and placed her left hand before her eyes: then, just peeping above her pretty fingers, with an arch look, said, “Cannot you guess?”

“I can guess, dearest Mary,” answered the young man; “and my dread of the answer you would give him has made me unhappy for weeks.”

“What could it matter to you?” she asked, with an assumed look of innocent simplicity.

“Everything, Mary my beloved,” he answered, taking her other hand, and covering it with his kisses. “Everything. I dreaded the influence of the noble, the wealthy, the princely Italian, upon your heart and mind: and I dared not to intrude the love of the mere English gentleman to compete with his. What could I offer you in competition with him? But now, Mary, now, dearest, that I am assured that he did press his suit, and that you rejected it before I pleaded mine, tell me that I may speak—tell me that I may hope—tell me——”

“Tell you, I suppose you mean, that I rejected him for your sake,” interposed the smiling and weeping girl, as she gently struggled to withdraw her hand.

He passed an arm round her slender waist, and pressed her to his heart. Then brightly he looked into her soft, beaming eyes, as they sat, side by side, in the recess of that darkened window. She hid her face against his shoulder: but he stole his first kiss amongst those flaxen ringlets;

while hand was clasped in hand, in blissful silence—their hearts too full of love and gratitude and unalloyed happiness to need spoken words or for words to express their feelings.

“Are you quite sure—quite sure, dearest Mary,” the lover asked at length, “that you would not have preferred poor Casavecchia to your own old playfellow, Horace, who has nothing but the old house at home in England to offer you?”

“But you are an Englishman, Horace,” answered the fair girl, with smiling eyes, brimful of love and tears and happiness.

That answer surely called for another kiss; and we cannot say but what Horace Enderby might have won it; but that, just at that moment, Rosina entered from her work-room beyond, and said something about wishing the Signorina would look at a bonnet she held in her hand. The maid checked herself as she saw that a gentleman was sitting beside her, and still more so when she observed his look of annoyance, and the flushed and hurried manner of her young mistress; and so she stood awhile, un-

certain whether to advance or to retreat, before the further window of the room. The mid-day sun streamed full upon her black hair, her pale Roman face, and on the full mourning dress she wore ever since the horrid death of her three brothers. Mary Agelthorpe rose and moved towards her, answering her question about the bonnet. She was within a yard of the spot where Rosina stood, when a look of sudden horror convulsed those pretty Roman features—staring wildly at what they could not avoid. She saw the round shot, from the French batteries, coming—it dashed through the open window, and, in an instant, shattered to pieces the head of the poor girl.

Mary uttered a loud shriek, and fell back into the arms of Horace, who had started forwards at the terrified look of the maid. The body of poor Rosina lay motionless on the carpet. Mary and the room around were bespattered with her blood.* * * *

* It is a fact that the servant-maid was killed at this window by a shot from the French cannon.

Meanwhile the French troops made good the position they had gained through the rashness and neglect of Garibaldi: and the exasperation of the Roman people showed itself more violently than ever. They knew that seven thousand Spaniards had landed at Terracina, and were marching against them with the King of Naples, who had again taken heart to advance; and that an envoy had been sent from the two armies to the French commander-in-chief, proposing to co-operate with him in subduing the city. They did not know that General Oudinot had sent back the envoy with a threatening warning that, if either army ventured near his lines, they did so at their peril. The Romans knew that their own circle of defence was now withdrawn to the old Aurelian wall; and madness and a spirit of revenge took the place of hope. The sittings of the National Assembly, while they discussed the different clauses of the constitution of the Roman republic, as though that republic were about to be established for ever, were interrupted by wild

and vengeful proposals, which had been first broached and received with acclamation in the Popular Club. It was suggested that all the nuns in Rome should be dragged from their convents and placed along the walls, from the St. Pancras to the Portese Gates, as a means of silencing the artillery of the enemy, who could not fire upon them. A threatening intimation from the foreign legations and consuls prevented the discussion, perhaps the adoption, of the plan.

The leaders of the populace, the Capi ri-
oni, devised other schemes of pure vengeance, which could in no way assist the defence of the city. They debated how they could best blow up St. Peter's, to mark their detestation of the threatened restoration. Some would have undermined and placed gunpowder beneath the four great piers that support the dome; while others thought that it could be conveyed more easily within the arching between the roofs. One of the conspirators betrayed the plot to a secretary of the French lega-

tion, who revealed it to Mazzini; and guards were set to watch and protect the mighty temple.

And yet, in the midst of all this anxiety and popular frenzy, the legislature calmly discussed and carried the abolition of capital punishments: and Ciceruacchio collected his mob, and, with triumphant songs and jeers, broke into the hall in which the guillotine was kept, and made a bonfire of the implement in the public square.

And as the hope of defending even the inner wall grew less, the commissioners of the barricades laboured more and more to erect those internal defences which should enable the people to maintain a hand-to-hand fight within the town, and to dispute every street.

“Then, then, when the breach is made in the walls,” exclaimed Cernuschi, in one of his proclamations—“then will begin the true struggle of the people;—a struggle that must be implacable; because, against a brother who would slay our mother, ferocity is a right—is a duty of nature.”

Every smith was employed to make spiked irons, of various description and shape, that might be scattered about the streets, to lame the French cavalry as they should advance: and an equally sage device was adopted to deaden the effect of the French cannon upon the crumbling walls. As it was not permitted to line those walls with nuns, the chivalrous Cernuschi directed that feather beds should be hung against them. Quilts, feather beds, eiderdown cushions, and the richest hangings were brought, therefore, from the Papal and other palaces; and, while the greater number of them were quietly withdrawn and sold by the porters, the hat of a Cardinal, or the armorial bearings of many a noble family embroidered upon satin quilts and coverlids, hung over the walls at the Porta del Popolo, or the houses most exposed to the firing; and afforded unusual marks to the French artillery-men.

It was the evening of the 29th of June, and the fight had continued uninterrupted since Casavecchia fell. For three days and

two nights, many of the defenders had not left the walls; but lying down behind a parapet, had swallowed a crust of bread, or snatched a few minutes' repose, while the cannon thundered above and the bullets fell thick around them. Since the death of Rosina, the Agelthorpe family, with that of the Prince of Teano, had moved to the ground floor on the further side of the house, that its walls might be interposed between them and the cannonading on the heights. The flag of England waved over the door of their apartment, to afford its shelter in the event of a sudden irruption of the French; while the firemen, always in the court, secured them against any popular outbreak. None such, however, was attempted; and be it recorded to the honour of the Romans, that, during the whole course of this siege, the persons and property of foreigners of every nation were scrupulously respected.

It was the evening of the 29th of June, the festival of Saints Peter and Paul, the patron Saints of Rome. The usual solemn

services had taken place in the great basilica; and, uninjured by the frenzy of the people, the mighty dome rose solemnly as ever beside the setting sun. The sky was without a cloud, and transparent-red and purple. Then began the usual illumination of the outside of the dome, such as it ever takes place at Easter, and on this great Roman festival. On the small plates of iron which stand out from every part of it, and which are unseen by day, the "San Pietrini," or guardians of the church, placed lighted candles, surrounded with a paper shade. In a few minutes, the mild light seemed to creep from side to side, and the whole dome was wrapped in chastened brilliancy. The French artillery thundered on, and the cries of the combatants reached from the Janiculum to the Vatican Hills: but the dome, like a cloud of light, seemed to detach itself from the building, and to mingle with the red sky behind and above it. This was the effect of the illumination from the tower on the summit of the Sermoneta Palace, and from the Pincian and other high grounds,

whence the dome alone is seen rising above the body of the church. Thus partially beheld, the effect is more beautiful than when the illuminated façade shows that the whole is a mere festive, artificial effect.

And now the faintly-lighted dome, light-ed, but screened by the paper shades, began to stand out from the darkening sky, which grew redder as it darkened. And now the San Pietrini were seen swinging from side to side, by the ropes that suspended them in mid air, as they placed flaring lamps between each of the sheltered candles; and anon the whole dome burst forth as one blazing mountain upon the eye. And dark clouds came up from the sky beyond, and massed themselves, in threatening folds, behind the light. And as they grew blacker and blacker, and as the great dome stood out more and more before them, thunder began to groan and mutter from their teeming womb, as if responding to the roar of the French cannon on the hill. And the lightning unsheathed its forked flashes, mingling with the blaze of the illumination

and with the flash of the artillery ; and the wind awoke from the depths of the sky, and dashed out some of the lights which the San Pietrini vainly endeavoured to rekindle.

Such was the sight from the tower of the Sermoneta Palace ; which not even the warning conveyed by poor Rosina's fate, could keep Mary Agelthorpe from enjoying, as she stood there by the side of her lover. On the heights within the St. Pancras gate, the fight raged with a fury that seemed to defy that of the elements. To the booming of the large pieces of French ordnance, the little cannon of the defenders replied in sharper notes : and the quick reports of the rifles, and the whizzing of the bullets, and the cries of the combatants, and the execrations of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, all mingled, in one horrible confusion, with the roaring and whistling of the storm, with the thunder overhead, and with the flashes of heaven's own artillery—the lightning that played round the illuminated dome of St.

Peter's, as if in mockery of the festive show. At length, one by one, the lamps sank beneath the gusts of wind; and it seemed a relief to the eye and to the heart of Mary Agelthorpe, when an illumination, that originated in thoughts of piety and of joy, no longer contrasted with the horrid sounds of battle and the war of the angry elements.

All at once, the booming of the artillery ceased: and the lesser sounds of conflict—the crack of the rifles, the cries, the groans, and the shouts—alone responded on earth to the rolling of the thunder, the flash of the lightning, and the bellowing of the wind. The French had stormed the breach which their artillery had made, and were now endeavouring to fortify themselves upon it. Then began that hand-to-hand fight, more murderous than all. Hand to hand, officers and men contended alike in indescribable confusion. Garibaldi rushed hither and thither, with bloody sword uplifted, begrimed with gunpowder, smoke, and gore; wherever the enemy seemed most to make head,

there he cheered onwards his chosen bands, and there they fought and fell. The Roman cannoneers died upon their cannon: the Roman volunteers sank down beneath the French bayonets. Courage, madness, rage, ferocity, and revenge—all those passions which had nerved them to resist so long, and to contend against such tremendous odds, could avail nothing against the never-ending rush of fresh enemies, pressing onwards to take the place of those who fell in the breach. The French soldiers secured themselves in their new position. The Romans fell back, amid the darkness and the rain: and Garibaldi, returning for a few hours to his Anita, clasped her in his arms, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, told her that Rome was lost.*

* The illumination, the storm, and the assault, all occurred as stated in the text.



CHAPTER XI.

We near them now. We slowly pass among
Those wondrous ruins of some elder day.
And silence reigns around. The voice of song—
Of strife—of idle talk has past away.
That forum where live thousands used to throng:—
Those ruined temples where they came to pray:—
That mighty pile of seats from whence arose . . .
Hark!—milking time:—the cow, full-udder'd, lows.

WHILE the French troops secured themselves in the positions they had conquered, and paused on the outer circle of the walls, as if fearful of descending into the city that lay beneath them, but, in reality, with the hope that some capitulation would prevent further bloodshed and exasperation,—the National Assembly, which, as we have before said, had been lately occupied in calmly discussing the clauses of the future constitution of the Roman Republic, met early on the following morning, be-

wildered with the certainty that their own legislative toils were drawing to a close, and that the bantling they had laboured to bring into the world, was about to be strangled in its cradle. Dismay was pictured in every face, when Cernuschi, the orator of the barricades, belying all his printed enthusiasm and murderous threats, arose and proposed that the Assembly should declare all further resistance impossible.

“Not so ! not so !” exclaimed Mazzini, as he entered the house, pale, almost livid, in features, and evidently worn out by anxiety, thought, and internal fever. Further resistance, he maintained, was not impossible : and even if they resolved not to attempt it in Rome, the Government and the Assembly might transfer elsewhere the seat of the Republic, and prolong the contest. Surrender was, he said, out of the question : it was unworthy of the name of Rome, and never should his hand recognize the terms of any capitulation whatever. The barricades were fortified in every street,

and, at each one of these, the citizens would prove that they were Romans, and worthy of the Republic.

“Why, the Triumvir knows,” exclaimed one of the Roman generals, rising amid the silence of the house,—which had listened, unmoved and desponding, to Mazzini’s address,—“the Triumvir knows that brave Garibaldi has declared to himself that further resistance is impossible. Would Citizen Mazzini have us trust rather to his own opinion on military matters?”

“Shame! shame!” exclaimed many voices. “The Triumvir would deceive the House a second time. Remember when he concealed the letter, and made us falsely believe that England promised assistance! Send for Garibaldi. Call in Garibaldi.”

An hour was spent in broken, personal discussion, till Garibaldi had time to return from the scene of last night’s action, where he was again labouring to prepare new defences, and allotting fresh positions to his men. He entered the hall covered with dust and sweat, his uniform stained with

the blood it had drunk in during the last night's engagement.

“I have said,” he slowly spoke, in answer to the eager inquiries of the Assembly—“I have said that it is impossible to resist any longer in Trastevere—on the other side of the Tiber. I say so still. On this side, resistance might be prolonged, but at a fearful sacrifice of the life of the citizens;—a fearful and an useless sacrifice; for the defence could not be continued beyond a few days. The French hold the heights on the other side of the river: a fight at the barricades must lead to the destruction of Rome; and it would be cruel to induce the people to undertake it. Better it were to collect the remains of our army and all who will follow us, and to fight our last fight without the walls.”

A long discussion followed: and Mazzini, in vain, endeavoured to persuade the house to adopt his proposal and remove the seat of government elsewhere. Cernuschi's motion was carried in the following words:—
“In the name of God and the People. The

Constituent Roman Assembly relinquishes a defence that is no longer possible, and proceeds to the order of the day."

Mazzini arose indignantly and left the house; and, soon after, sent in a most angry letter, in which he accused the members of betraying the sacred cause of the Republic, and resigned his office of Triumvir. The resignation was accepted: and, while the members regretted his unjustifiable violence, they declared, by acclamation, that he and his colleagues had deserved well of the country; and elected three others in their place.

Meanwhile, the municipality of Rome, no longer headed by the old senator, Prince Corsini, was charged to treat with the French General, for such conditions of peace as might be obtained. That day and the following morning wore away: and Garibaldi summoned all the troops and volunteers that could be spared from the fortifications, to meet him in the great square of St. Peter's. They drew thither together:—wounded, bloody, with cut and

tattered uniforms, with standards pierced and torn by the enemy's shot, with steps tottering from fatigue, but with a proud endeavour to assume an unconquered military bearing, thither they drew together. Garibaldi walked amongst them—thanking, praising, cheering them: and every eye brightened as he passed, and every heart greeted the General as a brother-in-arms who had toiled and laboured more than the bravest and strongest of them all. And then the leader drew off from them; and while they gathered round in front, and while that great dome and the circling colonnade made a back-ground to the picture, and while the slim obelisk shot up to heaven in the centre, and the fountains on each side leaped up, glittering in the burning sun, Garibaldi spoke in those slow measured tones which made all he uttered so impressive. “Friends—Romans,” he said; “we can do no more. I have called you here together to thank you for the support you have given to me and to Italy; and to tell you what I have planned for

the future. I am not one calmly to await and bow down before the banner of the conquering enemy. I still bear a sword for the service of my country ; and Austrian invaders still call upon me to use it. The provinces, I hope, will rise at my call. Who will follow me ?" he cried. " What say you, my friends ? I have nothing to offer you but a renewal of battle ;—a renewal of glory, which can only be won by great privations—by great dangers. But let him who has courage follow me. Let him who still believes in the high destinies of Italy follow me. Our swords are stained with the blood of the French : let us hasten to dip them in the blood of the Germans !"

Five thousand listeners cheered the address, and swore to follow him. And that very night they would have marched forth together, but that it was bruited about that the municipality could not make terms with the French : and the Roman people came out in their wrath and besought them to remain and fight the fight of Saragossa, and do battle for every street. So excited

were the inhabitants, that the new Triumvirs had the greatest difficulty in calming their anger and in persuading them to confide in their magistrates. Then Mazzini proposed that the Assembly should appoint dictators, who should accompany Garibaldi, and fight and govern in the name of the republic wherever he could plant its standard. And the motion was, at first, carried; but, at its second reading in the evening, it was rejected, and the cause of the republic was left to the diplomacy of the corporation and the generosity of the French. The civic negotiators were willing to admit the French army, and to remove the barricades and all means of offence: but they endeavoured to stipulate that the Roman troops should do joint service in the city with the conquerors, and that France should not interfere in the administration of the country. These terms were rejected; and Rome would neither offer nor agree to any others. The Assembly voted grants of money to the army, and to the poor families of those who had

been slain in the war; and that, having proclaimed the constitution of the republic from the height of the Capitol, it should resume its sittings and await the arrival of the conquerors.

Cernuschi of the barricades could not disappear from the scene without another proclamation: and, on the 3rd of July, he issued the following:—"PEOPLE! Rome is conquered. The French republic has willed to strike a dagger into the heart of the Roman republic. And wherefore, oh, Eternal Justice! wherefore this?

"The lion, when mortally wounded, is still majestic. It blames not, it reproaches not, it looks not on them who wounded it. It does not give way to an useless burst of vengeance. No: the death of the strong is dignified.

"People! Virtue is not to be taught; it is in the heart. Listen to thine own heart; it is Roman, and thou wilt be great.

"Rome, 3 July, 1849. CERNUSCHI."

Well said Napoleon, "Du sublime au

ridicule, il n'y a qu'un pas." And should the Roman republic be ever again established, how sublime will history declare to have been the ridiculous conduct of the National Assembly—of that National Assembly which was promulgating, from the Capitol, the clauses of the democratic republic which it had voted and ordered to be engraved on marble, at the very time when the French army was marching down into their city! It was more like a funeral than a triumphant march. The streets were deserted. The doors and the windows were closed. Groups of men, collected here and there in the streets and at the doors of the principal cafés, scowled at them, and uttered imprecations as they passed. On, over the Ponte Sisto, and through the narrow streets leading towards the Corso, the French troops marched, steadily and watchfully, as if prepared against an ambush. They reached the Corso and the great square Della Colonna, when suddenly loud cries of *Viva la Repubblica Romana!* and *Death to the priests!* mingled with

curses against Oudinot and jeers at his soldiers, arose from the multitude that was here gathered together.

Abbé Rodat, the friend of the Agelthorpes and of Casavecchia, sat in a café hard by with two other priests; and hearing the tumult, exclaimed, "Manco male, here are the French at last!"

"Traitor!"—"Tu sei un nero—you are a black!" "Death to the priests!" exclaimed a dozen of the Romans who were sitting around him in the room. They rushed at him, and thrust him forth into the Corso. There the mob, already excited, thirsted for a victim; and their anger was still more exasperated as they saw the advancing French soldiers tear down the tricolor banner of the Roman Republic that waved over the door of the café. They received the French abbé as he was thrust forth, and jostled and hustled him amongst them. The cries of "Traitor" and "Nero" and "Jesuit" were caught up and renewed: knives were drawn, poniards were brandished; and stabbing him with count-

less blows as they thrust him under the arch near the Piazza Sciarra, they there ripped him open, and twining his bowels round his neck, dragged him out of the way of the French, and trampled him under foot.

Ought we to apologize to the English reader for introducing such horrors? Our blood boils as we write them, then curdles with disgust; but how could we describe Rome and the Romans, and the Siege of Rome, if we were silent on such events—on such diabolical outrages? Nor have we gone out of our way to seek them, nor have we invented circumstances of horror that did not really occur; and often have we turned away sickened, when justice might have required us to tell more than we have revealed. Nothing so clearly shews the humanizing effects of free institutions as a comparison of the conduct of the mob, ay, and of their betters, at different periods of history: a comparison of their brutality in former ages, under the pressure that was removed by the first French revolution, and

of the orderly manner in which those, accustomed to comparatively-good government, have, at other periods, carried out similar or greater changes. No such institutions have, as yet, taught the populations of Italy to respect themselves. And we must remember that, in these latter instances, they were maddened by the invasion of foreigners, triumphing in the maintenance of ancient abuses, and ever ready to prevent the free action of domestic reform.

In the midst of the hubbub, Dr. Pantaleoni had to draw his sword and defend his life against some patriot assassin, who, in the last agony of Roman independence, would have avenged the learned doctor's early parliamentary endeavours to preserve the constitutional liberty of his country. One or two others were slain; but there was no rising of the people against the conquerors, as the French had first imagined. The crowd fell back. The invading columns moved on and took up their new quarters. Silence, darkness, and despair settled down upon the city.

CHAPTER XII.

The love of woman is a blessed thing.

The heart of woman is a throne of power.

Fond and more fondly still, it loves to cling ;

And grows more fond where'er most dangers lower.

Constant beyond this world's imagining :

Rich in all love—kind nature's bounteous dower :

Our guardian angel—promise—guide in life—

Our joy—hope—grace—pride—solace—home-star—Wife.

ON the 2nd of July, at nightfall, on the evening of the day on which it had been resolved that no attempt should be made to upraise, in the provinces, the banner of the Roman Republic,—on the evening of the day preceding that on which the French army was to enter Rome, Garibaldi marched out of the gate of San Giovanni ; and, under the guidance of Ciceruacchio, began his march to Venice. There would he join the brave hearts who still defended their city against the Austrians ; there would he

strike another blow for Italy. Few of those who had been his comrades in South America and had accompanied him to Europe, remained alive. These few clung to him still : and he was surrounded by four thousand infantry and eight hundred cavalry of those who, on the square of St. Peter's, had sworn to fly with him from the thrall of their French conquerors.

It was a bright night : and the cool, balmy wind sighed over the broad campaign, as Anita, accustomed to a life of travel and adventure, and well pleased at her husband's escape from the French, the most dangerous of all the enemies he had yet encountered, rode gaily beside him, and endeavoured to cheer his patriotic regrets, and the fears he expressed whether, in her state of pregnancy, she would be able to support the fatigues of the march.

"Fear nothing for me, Giuseppe caro," she said. "Riding quietly, even on a rough road, is a very different matter from having to ride over hills and fences in a field of battle, and to fight and to ward off blows

at the same time. It is not so very far across Italy to the sea, where we are to take ship for Venice. But how thou wilt get along, Garibaldi, with all this baggage and these carts and fourgons and munitions of war, it passes my wit to discover. Dost think the Emperor of Austria will send his frigates to convey them all to Venice?"

"Happy we, my Anita," replied her husband, "if we find fishing boats enough to convey ourselves. But it skilled not disappointing the men by telling them they could not take their baggage: many of them might have remained themselves rather than leave it. It will drop behind fast enough on the march."

While the leader and his wife thus chatted together, his little army pushed forwards, at the utmost speed and in profound silence, across that open plain. For General Oudinot had sent a division of his forces to cut off their retreat: and large bodies of the Spanish and Neapolitan armies were scouring the hills of Albano and Frascati, in the hope of preventing their

escape. Silently they hurried on through the midst of their enemies; and rejoiced when the sun, that might have betrayed them, arose, to find shelter and shade in the fine old olive groves of Tivoli. They toiled up the steep ascent, and rested all day in its sheltering streets.

Again, at nightfall, the little army started; and following rough roads amongst the hills, escaped from the three hostile nations that were in pursuit of it; and, after six days arduous march, arrived, with all its baggage, at Terni of the Waterfalls. In high spirits at having succeeded thus far, Garibaldi stayed here two days to rest his followers. The Republic had abolished the monopoly (since reestablished), which restricted to the postmaster of Terni the supply of carriages and horses for the Falls; and authorized him to charge, if we remember rightly, seven shillings for each person in every carriage he conveyed there and back—a distance of about four miles; but even if it had not been so abolished, the Garibaldians were little likely to have

been fettered by any such tariff. Anita, as she rested at the hotel, looked forward to the pleasure of seeing this most beautiful of European cascades from its summit, whence it is beheld to most advantage, as they should pass along the post road from the town: but it was thought better to take a less public track: and, keeping in the plain, they all arrived, after two days march, at the little town of Todi.

At Todi, the wild leader and his followers heard that the Grand Duke of Tuscany,—who, when congratulated that, after his power was restored by the free will of his subjects, he still maintained the liberal institutions of his country, had scornfully replied—“For what does your excellency take me?”—at Todi they heard that the Grand Duke had summoned the Austrians into his territory, and had settled them even at Florence. Austrians were what Garibaldi sought; and he believed that, by shewing himself at Florence, he could raise the country against them. Florence was nearer than Venice, and he resolved to

attempt its rescue. Both the high roads were occupied by General d'Aspre and his Germans; but Garibaldi broke up his little army into small divisions, and leaving all the baggage and horses at Todi, sent the men forwards by different tracks and lanes, with orders to meet him, on a given day, at a rendezvous within the Tuscan territory. On the 19th, about three thousand of them met again at Cetona. The other eighteen hundred, amongst whom were most of the cavalry that had come from Rome, wearied, sick, or disheartened, had dispersed, or returned to their homes; pillaging as they went, and making the name of Garibaldi responsible for the outrages which he had restrained while they were around his standard. Another large body, whom he sent forwards to seize upon Sienna, were sold by their commanding officer to the Austrians who held the place.

This treachery so much weakened the power of the guerilla leader, as to compel him to abandon his designs upon Florence; and, turning again to the right, to endea-

your to make good his retreat to Venice, as first intended. But Arezzo shut its gates against him; Austrian troops swarmed on every road; and it was only by throwing out skirmishers on all sides, and by following almost impassable tracks, that he was able to slip away from amongst them.

“Courage, my Anita!” he exclaimed, folding her to his breast, when, on the evening of the 27th, they reached the very highest summit of the Appenines. “Courage, my wife. We have eluded them thus far. It must be all down hill now; for see the heavens alone are above us. Look at that beautiful moon, how it silvers the immense plain on each side! I can almost fancy that I see the Adriatic waves glistening down there below. We shall soon reach them, *anima mia*; and at Rimini, or some other little port, we will take boat and sail away to Venice. Courage but for a few days, and then thou shalt repose in quiet.”

The little woman smiled faintly, but spoke not, as she looked up in his face and fondly returned his caress. She then

moved wearily into the herdsman's hovel that he had reserved, and lay down upon the bed of leaves and myrtle tops prepared for her. Garibaldi took his station outside; and placing himself on the pinnacle of a rock, with rifle in hand, stood sentry during the greater part of the night over her he loved, and the diminished bands of his hardiest followers who still clung to his fortunes. In this wild spot he remained to rest all the following day: then hurried down the eastern side of the Appenines: at St. Angelo in Vado, came again upon the troops of Archduke Ernest:—made a show of drawing up his men in order of battle; and, while the sharpshooters began the engagement, hastened through an opposite gate of the town, and sped along the road to San Marino.

In the third century, a Christian mason, who had worked for thirty years in the port of Rimini, retired to end his days on a mountain about twelve miles distant from the place. The fame of his sanctity spread, and the lady of the country gave him in

perpetuity the mountain and a few hills around it, with the expectation that he would there establish a monastery. He preferred to found a city and a republic, which should be a refuge from oppression in those wild times. Enrolled amongst the saints in the course of years, St. Marino's little republic, extending over a territory but six miles across, and containing never more than seven thousand inhabitants, has continued, for fifteen hundred years, independent of the wars, the glory, and the reverses of other states, and undisturbed by such revolutions as have convulsed the rest of Italy. Here would Garibaldi take refuge: here, sick at heart, and no longer entertaining the buoyant hope with which he had started from Rome—here would he bespeak hospitality for the sick and wounded of his followers—for those whose courage failed at the sight of comrades dying in unknown mountain paths, or shot down in daily skirmishes; here would he leave them in safety, while he himself and the more resolute of the band, would still push on

to Venice, and give their lives for the only city that still held out in the cause of Italy. His Anita but no; it were useless to ask her to remain behind. She would never part from him with whom and for whom she had so gallantly faced death in many a bloody engagement.

Steep and fatiguing was the road, winding amid thick woods and barren rocks, that led up to the city of the little republic; but on the last day of the month, they reached its sheltering walls; and the guerrilla chieftain put forth the following address to his troops:—

“Soldiers! we have reached the land of refuge, and we owe the very best conduct to our generous hosts. So shall we deserve the respect that is given to persecuted misfortune. Here I release every one of my companions from every engagement to myself, and give him full liberty to return home; but let him remember that Italy ought not for ever to remain degraded, and that it is better to die than to live enslaved by foreign invaders.”

The Austrians were about to follow them on the territory of San Marino ; but first offered to abstain if the refugees would lay down their arms. General Gorzkowski pledged himself that each one should be at liberty to return unmolested to his own home, and that Garibaldi himself should be sent free to America : at the same time, he warned them that ten thousand soldiers guarded every pass.

“Surrender ? never !” cried some of the soldiers. “To Venice To Venice !”

“It is not I, my friends, who advise surrender !” exclaimed Garibaldi. “To those who like to follow me, I offer renewed suffering, greater dangers, perhaps death ; but terms with the invader, never ! Come, Anita, dear,” he added : “one more effort.”

He lifted her upon her horse ; sprang upon his own charger ; and set off, followed by three hundred only of his little army. Nine hundred, who remained at San Marino, agreed to lay down their arms, as the magistrates of the little republic had stipulated, with the Austrian commander, that

they should be permitted to return home. So soon as they left the territory, the same Austrian commander had them arrested and conveyed to Bologna; from thence, the Lombards were sent to the prisons of Mantua; the Romans were set at liberty, after being bastinadoed with thirty blows each.

Garibaldi and his little band hurried on to the sea-shore. At Cesenatico, he surprised the few Austrian soldiers that garrisoned the place; seized thirteen fishing-boats; and at length, put out to sea on the much-longed-for Adriatic.

“Well, Ciceruacchio!” he exclaimed to that worthy, who was in the same boat with himself, “What thinkest thou of the sea?”

“Think of the sea? Corpo del diavolo! I am getting very sick,” sulkily replied the popular hero of the earlier days of Pio Nono’s reign.

“*We* are too old sailors for such silly feelings as that, are we not, my Anita?” he asked, gaily turning to his wife: “and see,” he added, “we have a fair breeze be-

hind us, and our little flotilla keeps well together. In two hours more, we shall sight the towers of St. Mark and of heroic Venice."

"It will be something to boast of," replied Anita, laughing, "that we have travelled from one side of Italy to the other, backwards and forwards, for a whole month, pursued by the armies of four different nations, France, Spain, Austria, and Naples; and that we have defied and escaped them all. It was one month yesterday since we left Rome."

Lightly and hopefully they talked; and favouring blew the wind till they turned the point of low land formed by the wash of the Po into the Adriatic. The towers of Venice rose before them. But other vessels, also, loomed in sight: and as the wind changed, they neared and neared: and the figure of the double-headed eagle of Austria was recognized upon the streaming bunting. Then the boom of a cannon came across the waters, and signalled to the little flotilla to come to. And the landmen,

who steered and sailed the other boats, were bewildered in the management of them by the change of wind: and, at the sight of the Austrians, and at the roar of the cannon upon an element that was new to them, they all lost heart and head, and gave themselves up to despair. In vain, Garibaldi put forth his old nautical skill, and promised them that, if they would keep together and follow in his wake, they should all escape. An Austrian frigate came bearing down upon them. They scudded or drifted hither and thither, according to the gusts of the wind and the ignorant endeavours of the crew. Garibaldi could aid them no longer; and while the Austrian picked them all up, one after the other, he could but veer round his own little craft, and, steering back to the shore, run her aground on the low lands formed by the mouth of the Po.

Here Ciceruacchio and the few who had been in the same boat, parted company; and separately sought their own safety as best they might. Rebels against every re-

established government, with arms in their hands, most of them were shot down like wild beasts, without trial or record. Bologna still shudders at the fate of the Lombard officer, Livraghi, and of the monk Ugo Bassi;—amid the lamentation and pious repentance of the latter for the deeds he had done since he had left his peaceful monastery. Garibaldi and his Anita wandered forth alone. Since their escape from San Marino, the whole country had been alarmed, and the strictest orders had been issued by the Austrians, threatening death to whoever should guide or shelter, or give fire, water, or food to Garibaldi or his companions. The country swarmed with Austrian soldiers, with Austrian tax-gatherers and policemen: but the people defied them, and recognized and sheltered the fugitives.

Anita seemed, at first, to recover her courage and spirits, when, by the aid of an Italian cottager, she was able to lay aside her masculine military attire, and disguise herself—for, in this case, it was a disguise—by again assuming the dress pro-

per to her sex. She took courage and grew light-hearted when her husband, also, was obliged to discard some of his warlike gear, and appear, at least, to be bent upon peaceful pursuits: but she had suffered much in the tremendous march from Rome: and dread and anxiety and the necessity of exertion still overtaxed her powers. For two days, they had to wander on foot, through those dreary salt marshes and fever-stricken bogs—endeavouring to reach Ravenna, in the hope that, concealed in the solitude of a great city, Anita might recover her strength and give birth to the dear burden that had weighed her down since the battle of Velletri. But such fatigues, not even her iron constitution could withstand. On the second evening of their wandering, she had been unable to reach the hamlet where they had thought to pass the night; and had been obliged to spend it amid those arid sands, without the shelter even of a hovel or of a copse. The cold sickly fog rose up from the marshes; and the heavy dew came down; and vainly

her husband stripped himself of his cloak and lay down beside her, in the hope of cheering and warming her. She arose in the morning, with fever and ague added to her other ailings: and again staggered forwards on her toilsome journey. They missed the cottage where they should have passed the night; and Garibaldi had nothing to offer her but a dry crust he had reserved from the preceding day.

“Look up! look up! *anima mia*—look up, my soul!” he repeated, as he seated her on a sandy bank, at the roadside, and supported her in his arms. “See, see; Ravenna is in sight. And already I catch a glimpse of the great pine forest that everyone talks of. Will it not be sweet for thee to rest in its welcome shades? They will remind thee, dearest, of the woods of thine own loved Laguna, in far Brazils. And see,” he added, more cheerfully—“see; a carriage and post-horses is coming along. If they are Italians, the good travellers will give thee a place beside them: and they shall take thee where thou wilt be nursed and cared for.”

“No, no ; I leave thee not,” whispered the faithful woman—the ever-loving wife. They were the last words she spoke, as she fainted away in the arms of her husband. The travelling carriage came on ; and Garibaldi, bending over his Anita, signed to the postillions to stop. They pulled up ; and, as the clouds of dust cleared away, a lady and gentleman looked anxiously from the light Roman caleche.

“Good heavens, Mary !” exclaimed Horace Enderby to his bride—for they had been married in Rome and were returning to England by the way of Ancona, Ravenna, and the Tyrol, the most beautiful perhaps of all Italian roads—“good heavens, my beloved, it is Garibaldi and Anita !”

They both sprang from the carriage and hastened to the piteous group.

“Anita, dear friend,” murmured Mary Enderby, as she kneeled in the drifted sands and chafed the death-cold hands of the sufferer : “arouse thee, and it shall all yet be well.”

“Oh, for a drop of wine !” exclaimed

Garibaldi, wildly. Horace sprang back to the carriage and brought forth a flask.

“It is all we have. It is cold tea: but it may refresh her.”

His young bride placed it to the lips of the dying woman; but she was unable to swallow any. She half opened her eyes and appeared to recognize, with pleased surprise, the features of the young Englishwoman; then turned them, with an unmistakeable look of love, upon her husband, and seemed to endeavour to speak. But a convulsive quivering of all her limbs came on; she trembled for a few minutes; and then lay a corpse on the knees of him she had loved so well and followed so devotedly.

What comfort or consolation could the young English travellers impart? Mary burst into tears and sobbed for awhile in the arms of her husband. They then both kindly inquired how they could assist the mourner, or provide for the decent interment of his lost one. Garibaldi looked up with the dignity of unutterable woe.

“Kind lady and brave Englishman,” he

said, "a broken-hearted man thanks you. But you cannot assist us:—she is beyond earthly want: and any attempt to give her Christian burial, would secure my arrest and prevent me accompanying her to the grave. She lived for me only, and I alone must do the last offices for her. Proceed, kind friends: proceed on your journey; and may you be as happy in your wedded love, as I have been while she was here to bless me."

He rose as he spoke, turning from them to hide the tears that streamed down his sunburnt cheeks. He pointed to a rising mound of sand, with a gesture which they understood, and waved them away. Then, gently taking the body of his Anita in his arms, he disposed his cloak over it, and strode off into the broken country, in the direction he had indicated. There, behind that sandy mound, would he mourn over it till nightfall; and there, with his own hands, would he scoop out her narrow grave and entrust her to the keeping of that dear land of Italy, from which he himself must go forth a wanderer and an exile.

The travellers looked after him, a few minutes: then, fearing lest the stopping of the carriage might attract the gaze of some Austrian patrol and draw danger upon the widowed mourner, they again entered it and drove onwards on their road to England,—to that “old house at home”, where Horace Enderby had promised Mary Agelthorpe that she should find compensation for the palaces and the titles which she had refused to accept from Italian princes. He kept his promise.

CHAPTER XIII.

Light and free,
Whilom they saw her sport her childish life—
One month—she comes again—but comes a wife.
This seems the end of expectation.

LEAVING Roman politics to be settled by France and Austria, and leaving the three newly - appointed cardinal - commissioners, whom the Romans called the Red Triumvirs, and one of whom owned to us, not many months ago, that, if the French were to leave Rome, another revolution would break out there within two days,—leaving these to inaugurate the reign of “ Pio Nono the Second ” (as his subjects wittily call the present period in contradistinction to that which was illustrated, they say, by “ Pio Nono the First ”), leaving the French army of occupation to look on while Roman politics are dictated by Austria, in opposition to whose

iron will the patriot Italian heart of the Pontiff would vainly endeavour to maintain administrative reforms that would endanger her own dominion in Lombardy—return we to our first heroine, Caroline, Duchess Augustiniani, Princess of Campagna, Marchioness of Maremme, Countess of Pontine, Baroness and Lady of Malaria, and wife of a Grandee of Spain. Such were a few of the titles which the lapse of ages had accumulated upon the family of which her husband was the representative.

We last saw her and Mr. Ollier just before the fatal battle of Novara, on their flight to England. The elopement was admirably managed. Duke Augustiniani rejoined them in London, and from thence took charge of her to Gretna Green, where the kind-hearted and holy padre he had spoken of in Italy, riveted those chains that are stronger than the other metal in which he deals.

It was too late for available pursuit when Mr. Slowman, the chancery agent for the management of Miss Agelthorpe's property,

first heard of her escapade. He was horror-stricken, and spent a sleepless night in endeavouring to frame words in which he might best announce the event to Lord —, and so turn the wrath which the Lord Chancellor of England must feel at the insult that had been put upon his guardianship. Pale and anxious, he waited upon his patron at the earliest hour for admission on the following morning, and stammered forth the awful news in apologetic and deprecatory phrases

“ Well, Mr. Slowman,” replied the Lord Chancellor, as he calmly swallowed his last half cup of tea—“ well, Mr. Slowman, such things will happen now and then. Have you seen this infamous article proposing alterations in the practice of the Court of Chancery ?” * * * *

* We will not affirm who was Lord Chancellor at the time : but we do vouch for the words in which his Lordship received the first information of the elopement of his ward.

CHAPTER XIV.

Let your own mind recur to her for whom
You feel or have felt most: let all the charms
That now, perchance, lie buried in the tomb,
Or blush in hallowed bliss within your arms,
Once more flash o'er you with their earliest bloom;
Let each fond grace cold Time the soonest harms,
Those slightest, childish spells that then could bless,
Beam once more on you in their loveliness,
And you will feel for them.

A WHOLE fortnight had passed since the kind-hearted blacksmith had performed his priestly office; and Mr. Ollier, in London, awaited impatiently the return of the bride and bridegroom. At last, they drove up to Mivart's, and he welcomed them at the door of the hotel.

“What can have detained you so long in the North?” he exclaimed, in Italian.
“Why, it is more than a fortnight, Duke,

since you were married! Why did you stay so long at Gretna Green?"

"Per mangiare del grouse, amico. Cosa stupenda, quel grouse!—To eat grouse, my friend. What wonderful eating that grouse is!"

Such was, in very truth, the answer of the Italian bridegroom.

THE FUTURE OF ITALY.

WHOEVER has read the preceding pages, can form a correct estimate of the present state of Italy and of its inhabitants—of the difficulties and the iniquities of the governments, of the degradation and wretchedness of the people. In every mind, the question must arise, Is such a state to endure for ever? If not, when is it to terminate, and through what agency?

We have said that the country and people of which we love to write, have been known to us for upwards of thirty years: and we ask ourselves what improvement either have made during a period which, in most parts of the world, has been so eminently characterized by progress? We deny not individual pre-eminence: but we are compelled to feel that the social condition of

the people of Italy has retrograded—that the mental energy and hopefulness which then remained after the French occupation and annexation, have given way to a listlessness, an apathy, a despair which, more or less, pervade all classes. In fact, we believe that nations which do not advance must go back: the education of a nation, like that of an individual, is never ended; and when either ceases to acquire, it begins to lose what it has learned.

The richest and most productive portion of Italy was made over to the supreme dominion of Austria. Let it be maintained that this was done for the exclusive benefit of Austria, irrespective of that of the provinces, or else inquire how Austria has fulfilled the trust. Inquire, do we say? The indignant manhood of the world loathes the tyrannous, barbaric, and degrading thrall. “Ad ognuno, puzza questo barbaro impero.” The indignant manhood of the world records that, during twenty-four out of the forty years that Austria has held dominion in Lombardy and Venice, she and

France have been compelled, by armed occupation of other portions of the peninsula, to repress the sympathies of all Italy with those whom Europe permitted her to enslave. One only country has successfully spurned her leaden influence, and has since joined with England and France in upholding the cause of civilization.

And now that Piedmont has gallantly done its duty in this alliance—now that Austria, false and fair, has come in, at the eleventh hour, to reap the advantage of its paltry tergiversations and time-serving duplicity—is Piedmont, weakened by its generous efforts, to be cast back into the neighbourhood of its deadly foe, while that foe is restrained by no fresh compact, by no European police, from its wonted vexatious and insolent interference? In one word, is Piedmont to suffer and to be punished because it has joined England and France, and gallantly fought beside us? Forbid it whatever of steady resolve remains in the English character! Forbid it whatever of knightly heroism survives the

French rejoicings for peace too-easily conceded !

At this moment, the government of Piedmont is struggling with the opposition members of its own parliament, who reproach it with having undertaken a bootless and Quixotic adventure to support France and England. Lombardy and Venice lie crushed ; but, as ever, preparing to rise and renew the struggle with their oppressor. Austria holds Parma in a state of siege. Tuscany is garrisoned by her, like a conquered province. Austrian troops swarm in the Roman legations : their commanders govern the country, and despoil it. France occupies Rome—permitting the Papal government to have nominal dominion in the city—while that very government admits that, were the French to retire, it would itself be overturned, in two days, by a people united against it. The King of Naples does what he likes at home. A Congress is sitting at Paris. Will it separate, dare it separate while millions are looking on and invoking its sense of justice,

generosity, and manliness? Will it separate, dare it separate without doing something for the pacification of Italy?

And does not the military occupation of the Papal territory by France and Austria justify the interference of other states that were parties to the treaty of Vienna? France, indeed, keeps but about five thousand men in Italy; and, as it does not billet them upon the inhabitants, the occupation brings to itself no accession of power: but Austria maintains a large force in the legations, and requires the country to defray the charge of it. Does not this maintenance of an army, at the cost of a foreign state, add to the power of Austria in a manner that was not contemplated by the rest of Europe? What would be said if France were to march fifty thousand men into Belgium and keep them there, at the expense of the Belgians, until their services were wanted—perhaps, in aggressive warfare on Austria or Russia?

A congress is sitting at Paris: and it is loudly proclaimed that a proposal has been

submitted to it and is very likely to be adopted:—a proposal by which a lay viceroy or an independent lay sovereign is to be appointed to reign over the Roman States. Admitting, as we have freely admitted, the great need for administrative reform in the Roman territories, we cannot see that the dethronement of the rightful sovereign of those states is justified because he has been unable to carry out the reforms which he himself had planned and promulgated, and which he would still carry out, but that Austria forbids.

What, then, ought to be done? What, then, is it possible to do?

That which Pio Nono himself had imagined:—that only is possible:—that only is right:—a custom-house and federative league; a general code of laws, and a common army for all Italy; each province and state to be governed by the system itself approves. Pius the Ninth has given a constitution to his own states: let him govern in accordance with its provisions—with lay ministers for lay departments. To

the honour of churchmen, let it be admitted—as he himself admitted in one of the proclamations we have quoted—that ecclesiastics are unfitted for temporal rule. In their ultramontane zeal, Catholics may denounce this plan: but if it, or something very like it, is not approved and adopted, the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, which is already exercised by France and Austria, will be lost beyond recovery.

The course of our narrative and the history of Italy have proved that the organization of the Italian mind peculiarly fits it for parliamentary government. This is firmly established in Piedmont: it has been promulgated and never repealed in Naples: it has been tried and is still sighed for in Tuscany and Rome. Let it be everywhere restored. Let each of the military powers of Europe send a few hundred troops to save a people from being slaughtered by its sovereign, as was that of Naples, and to protect sovereigns against revolutionary outbreaks, like the attack upon the Quirinal which we have described:—a few hun-

dred troops to keep the peace between the two parties, while both are in a state of transition, establishing and working out their constitutional systems. Let each of the great powers, whose representatives are now assembled in congress, send their contingency of a few hundred soldiers—no more would be needed—to maintain together the internal peace of the country; to protect the reestablishment and the free working of existing constitutions; and let them declare, once for all, that other foreign intervention shall cease in Italy.

Even if it were not advisable to permit Lombardy to join itself to Piemont, and Venice to establish a republic of its own, the iron rule of Austria would be mitigated by its proximity to free states. The whole peninsula would be bound together by an independent and yet united system of railways and telegraphs; by a custom-house league and a code of laws; by free trade and a free press. A native army, gradually formed by a contingent from each state of the confederation, would secure the inde-

pendence and the rights of Italy after the withdrawal of the foreign auxiliaries. Religion would be beloved and respected, because no longer the handmaiden of an impossible administrative system ; and another united and prosperous people would be added to the great powers of Europe.

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